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PAUL REVERE

AND THE BOYS OF LIBERTY

BY JOHN DE MORGAN

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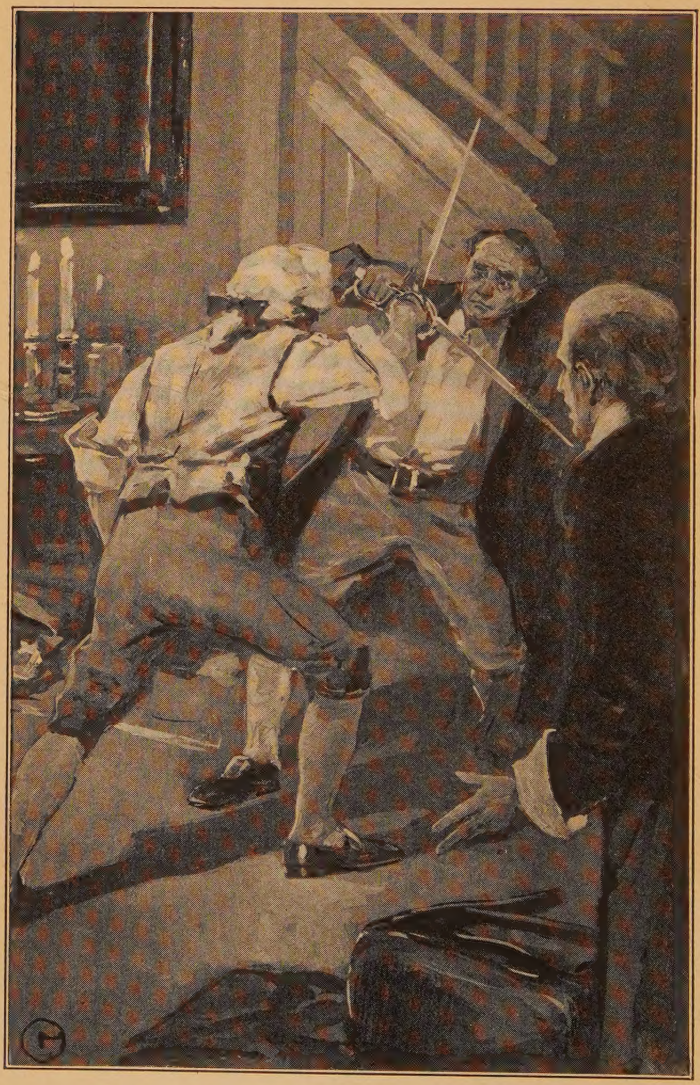

"He had laid two men low, and the third was driven into a corner."
(See page 147)

PAUL REVERE

AND

THE BOYS OF LIBERTY

BY

JOHN DE MORGAN

AUTHOR OF

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Paul Revere

PAUL REVERE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENGRAVER OF BOSTON.

"May I come in?"

"If I did but say nay to those who wished to enter, methinks trade would be dull."

"But you looked as though things had gone wrong."

"And if they have?"

"True, it is no business of mine and, master, I will not intrude, but will come again some other day."

"Nay, nay, I am a bit churlish this morning, and I must have got out of bed the wrong way."

The speaker was a fine specimen of New England manhood, though his ancestors had been Huguenot

aristocrats. He did not look his age, which had reached forty winters, but to a stranger he might easily pass for a young man of twenty-five or, at most, thirty. He was an engraver by trade, and was considered one of the most expert in the country.

His store and printing office was much patronized by the good people of Boston, who had money enough to indulge in crests and mottoes, in book plates and other luxuries of that kind.

That morning, when we make his acquaintance, he was in a "brown study," for the political outlook in Boston was far from pleasant.

His visitor was a young English officer, whose regiment was stationed in the city. He had taken a fancy to the society of the engraver, and often spent an hour talking over many things, and at times the conversation became almost treasonable.

Lieut. Bailey was a very liberal man, and though intensely loyal, he did not object to listen to the other side.

There may have been a cause for this liberality, for he spent much time with a certain young lady who

was very much incensed against the English, though she acknowledged that if all were like Gerald Bailey she would change her opinion.

"I want a book plate," Bailey said, after stretching himself out upon a settee, which often served as bed for the owner of the office.

"A book plate?"

"Yes."

"Have you the design?"

"Why, no; I came to you for that."

"What do you suggest? King George, or George and the dragon, or——"

"Look here, Master Revere, I care no more for King George than——"

"Hush, that is like treason."

"I did not so mean it, what I did mean was that I—I—, well, 'pon my honor, I don't know what I did mean."

"I thought not."

"It is for a lady."

"What is?"

"The book plate, of course."

"Oh!"

"You have no heraldic bearings in the colonies, no national flag or anything distinctive, so what can you suggest?"

"Plymouth Rock."

"No."

"The *Mayflower!*"

"Hang the *Mayflower.*"

"Well, lieutenant, if you cannot give me a suggestion, I must decline your order."

"Don't say that; I want two plates," he began, but Paul Revere stopped him.

"One is enough if we have to spend all day deciding on a design."

"Can't you think of anything? It is for a lady—a young lady—an angel——"

"Then why not have an angel on the plate?"

"Come, I say, that wouldn't do at all."

"Why?"

"She might not like her portrait."

"Ha! ha! ha! Is she the only angel?"

"You are laughing at me."

"Yes, but I meant no offense. Here is my idea. An angel floating upward in the twilight, bearing in her arms a scroll partly unrolled, and on that scroll the name of the earthly angel, I mean mistress—the young lady."

"Capital, very capital! You are a genius, Revere, and would have every Englishman as a customer if you were not such a rebel."

"Rebel?"

"Yes, they do say that you—— You will not be offended?"

"Nothing you could say, Bailey, would offend me."

"I am glad of that, for I like you."

"And I have cottoned to you; in fact, my dear boy, you are far too good for the uniform you wear."

"There you are wrong, Revere; the king's uniform ennobles a man."

"It ought to do so, but if the uniform is used to cover up despotism and inforce injustice, then no good man should wear it."

"I agree with you, though I am very glad Maj.

Worsley did not hear you, or what I said, for I should be court-martialed and you——"

"Oh, I should be thrown into a dungeon or shot upon the spot; but you were saying that I was thought to be a rebel?"

"Yes. I heard a discussion—don't be offended, there's a good fellow—about you."

"In the governor's residence?"

"Yes; it was asked whether you could not be arrested as a traitor, seeing that you had once served as lieutenant of artillery at Fort Edward, and now spent your evenings and sometimes all night in drilling the Boys of Liberty."

"And what conclusion did they come to?"

"You were to be watched, and if captured, then that question was to be raised."

"I thank you for telling me, but I was quite prepared for anything Gov. Gage might do."

"Say, Revere, is it true that you are drilling your countrymen?"

Paul Revere looked round the office, on whose walls hung his celebrated engravings of the "Boston Massa-

ere," the "Landing of the English Troops" and his better-known "Repeal of the Stamp Act."

"You are not offended?"

"No."

"But you will not answer my question. I know it was wrong of me to ask it, I only thought I was a friend and did not think of my uniform."

"Bailey, you are young, you are impulsive and generous. I could trust you with my life, but if I told you that I was drilling the Boys of Liberty it would be a secret very heavy for you to carry."

"You do not think your people would ever fight the British?"

"Bailey, I have seen a stag hunted; it was as gentle as a child, but when the dogs got too close and one planted its teeth in the stag's haunch, I saw that stag turn and fight. True, the stag was killed, but it died fighting."

"Then you think——"

"I have seen a rat turn on a cat when it was penned in a corner."

"Do you—I mean, do the colonists think they are being hunted like the stag?"

"Or like the rat, you might ask."

"Yes, I do ask, not as an Englishman, but as a great admirer of your people."

"And as an American I will answer you. King George has closed our port, has ruined our trade, has taxed us without allowing us a word; in short, has governed us without our consent and treated us as serfs."

"And with a few Boys of Liberty, or Minute Men, as you call them, you would attempt to frighten the English Government?"

"The people are in earnest, Bailey."

"In earnest? They will rise in rebellion, be crushed and thus give an excuse for forging fetters to bind them."

"I am not so sure of that, Bailey. I believe in the God of Justice, and sometimes, you know, as your great poet wrote, 'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.'"

"I wish I were one of you."

"Treason, treason, my boy! But let me tell you, Bailey, that if you were you would rather die fighting for justice than live to be oppressed, but a truce to such talk. What do you think of this sketch?"

While the two had been talking, Paul Revere had sketched a design for a book plate.

"Capital, capital! but she is not beautiful enough; her hair——"

"I thought you did not want her portrait—shall I alter it?"

"Yes; no—I—I—— No, leave it as you have drawn it; but what made you think it was a portrait that entered my mind?"

"I am double your age, my boy, and your face was very telltale. Take it as I have drawn it, and show it to Mistress —— Nay, do not blush, she is a glorious girl, but very American."

"You can read my thoughts, you are a wizard."

"Hush, that is a worse crime than treason. Are you going? I thought you wanted another plate."

"I will come again, and then you shall know whether this is to be engraved. Good-day, Master Revere."

"A very good-day, Lieut. Bailey."

"That lad will have no heart in fighting us, if war does come," Revere murmured to himself, as he watched the young officer walk down the street.

CHAPTER II.

THE FARMER'S FAMILY.

That the people were aroused by the stirring events of the previous years was very manifest. Everywhere there was a feeling of discontent.

In 1773 the English ministers had attempted to enforce the tea tax by a stratagem, thinking that the colonists were too simple to see the ruse. To carry out the scheme ships were loaded with tea for the American market. Some of the vessels reached Charleston, but the people seized the cargo and stored it in moldy cellars, thus ruining the tea.

At New York and Philadelphia the ports were closed and the ships forbidden to enter. At Boston the vessels entered the harbor. Although the tea had been consigned to the governor, the local authorities would not allow it to be landed.

A mass meeting was held, at which Samuel Adams and Josiah Quincy spoke—it was said that seven or

eight thousand people attended. That night fifty men disguised as Indians passed the door of the Old South Church and proceeded to Griffin's Wharf, where the tea ships were at anchor. The disguised men boarded the ships, broke open the three hundred and forty chests of tea and poured the contents into the sea.

Such was the Boston Tea Party.

Paul Revere was selected as a messenger to carry the news to New York and Philadelphia. He could speak with authority, for he was one of the organizers of the Tea Party.

England was determined on revenge, and passed the Boston Port Bill, which closed the port of Boston to all kinds of merchandise. The custom house was removed to Salem, but the people of that good old town refused the benefits which were proffered by the hand of the tyrants.

The Council of Massachusetts stood by the people and defied the king. On the 20th of May, 1774, the venerated charter of Massachusetts was annulled by act of Parliament. The people were declared rebels,

and the governor was ordered to send all persons who should resist the officers to England for trial.

These things added to the exasperation of the people and made many who loved peace advocate war as the only means of obtaining liberty.

A few miles out of Boston a farm which had the reputation of being a model one, was owned by Abram Billington, whose ancestor had come over on the *Mayflower*.

Abram had two sons, as hardy and brave as any lads in the colony.

Abram, the younger, and Edward, or, as he was familiarly called, Ted, were aged seventeen and fifteen years respectively. They worked with their father on the farm, and their education was molded on the good old Puritan plan.

It was a warm day in early autumn, and the three were tired and were resting from their labors under the shade of a tall pine tree.

"Do you think King George will restore us our rights?" asked Abram, junior.

"No, my boy, England never restores liberties taken

away, except to those strong enough to make her do so."

"Then we must be strong."

"There is no other way. We shall have to fight."

"But, father, do you think we have any chance against so strong a nation?"

"The God of Israel fights with us," the farmer said, reverently.

"Then let the king beware, for if God is with us we shall win."

"Rightly spoken, my boy, but let us hope there will be no war."

"Father, I feel that war is so near that it may come just like rain comes from a dark cloud without much warning."

"Why, Ted, that was spoken just like a minister. Don't you think, dad, that Ted would make a good dominie?"

"Your brother is seriously minded."

"Father, may I join the Minute Men?"

"And may I?"

"What, both my sons want to fight?"

"Father, it is this way, I have heard you say, and good Paul Revere, also, that every means had been tried and that all had failed, so there is nothing but fighting, and I say let it come quickly and be done with it."

"We ought to be prepared, and that's a fact, for war may be forced upon us without warning."

"We may join, then?"

"I will ask Master Revere."

"I have already done so, father," said Abram, "and he said that a boy should show deference to his parents, and that if you were willing he would not be the one to object."

"My boy, war is a terrible thing, and no one ought to forget that only those who realize that should offer to fight."

"The cause is a good one," Abram suggested.

"My boy, Heaven has given us the right to liberty, and when a tyrant tries to destroy that liberty war becomes a necessity."

"Master Revere talks just in the same way, and he has been a soldier."

"Yes, and a grand one, too, for no sooner was the fighting over than he went back to his engraving and was a man of peace."

"Father, why are our people called Minute Men?"

"Because they pledge themselves to be ready at a minute's notice to leave their farms or their work, no matter what it may be and go to the front to fight for our liberty."

"And are the Boys of Liberty all Minute Men?"

"Yes."

"I am so glad; but, father, do you think we can fight the English soldiers?"

"A man who is fighting for justice and liberty is stronger than ten men who only fight because it is their business."

"There is the supper bell, father."

"Right you are, my boys, and mother will not like us to keep her waiting."

The Billington home was a comfortable farmhouse, and the family one of the happiest and most lovable in the whole district.

Abram Billington was a model husband and father,

while his wife, Keziah, was a good woman in every sense of the word.

As the farmer entered he had a cheery word and a kiss for his wife, and she smiled as happily as a young bride as her husband kissed her.

The supper table was laid, and everything looked the very pink of perfection; the unbleached cloth was clean, the knives polished until the faces of those round the table were reflected in them, the two-tine forks looked as though they were made for use and not ornament.

Abram sat at the head of the table, and when his wife was seated opposite him he rose and with uplifted head uttered a few words of thankfulness for the food they were about to eat.

The boys were reverent, and responded with a hearty "amen" at the close of grace.

"Keziah, I much fear me that you will have to spare the boys, as well as your husband very soon," Abram said, when the meal was nearly over.

"What do you mean?"

"There's going to be trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yes."

"With the governor?"

"With England."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, Keziah, and I guess we'll have to fight."

"But the boys?"

"We must go, too, mother."

"Not you, Ted?"

"Yes, mother."

"But you are too young."

"Keziah, I thought so, too, an hour or so ago, but now——"

"Yes?"

"Haven't we read in the Bible how young David with a sling and a stone slew the giant?"

"I know what you mean."

"Yes, Keziah, we have got a fearful work before us, and England is like a giant; it will need men and boys to restore our rights."

"You know best, Abram, but it is hard to take my boys and husband as well."

Mistress Billington raised the corner of her calico

apron and passed it across her eyes, and then as though she did not want her family to see her weeping, she said, cheerfully:

"There was a power of wind blowing when I went out to ring the supper bell, I guess some dust must have gotten into my old eyes."

"Put a little rotten apple on, Keziah, when you go to bed, it will draw out the inflammation."

"Guess I will. Are you all going out to-night?"

"Yes; Master Revere is coming."

Mistress Billington rose from the table, and kissed each of her boys and then her husband. Slowly she returned to her seat and quite cheerfully said:

"I hope if we have war that it will come when the work will be a little less so that I can manage the farm."

Abram Billington did not say anything, but in his heart he felt that when the war came the farm would be of little use. He could see in his mind's eye the farm buildings in flames and his fields trodden over by armed men, who cared but little for crops or fruit or

cattle, except such as they could appropriate to their own needs.

As the supper commenced with the asking of a blessing, so it closed with grace, and the family rose and sung the doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

It was a custom of the old Puritans, and Abram had never neglected to observe it.

And this man a few months later was described by the English officer as a man "without fear of God, a heathen and rebel."

After supper the boys went out, leaving their father and mother alone. They instinctively knew that the good mother needed comforting in that time of trouble.

Do not think that the Billington boys were young angels, they were boys, just boys; but they had been brought up under Puritan influence, and one of the lessons they had learned was that of obedience based on intense love.

George Washington, a few months before his death, referred to this New England love of parents, and said

that he believed the republic was really founded by the mothers of New England, for they had taught their sons to love their parents and to do that which was right, and through these principles the boys had grown up to be liberty-loving men.

"I am so glad we can join the Minute Men," Ted exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"Perhaps Master Revere will not admit us."

"Yes, he will."

"Don't be too sure; but, Ted, it does seem awful for us both to leave mother."

"Yes, it does, but is it not our duty?"

"I think so, and who knows we may be placed here to guard this district and then we shall see her often."

"I am going to fetch Uncle Dan'l's gun."

"It is worn out."

"No it isn't, Abe. I looked it over last week, and— and——"

"Well?"

"I loaded it and shot a rabbit, so I know it is all right."

"Suppose it had burst?"

"That wouldn't have been nice."

"You were told not to touch it."

"Now you are cross with me, but I never promised, and Uncle Dan'l always said it was mine."

When the elder Billington started out to search for the boys he found them both in the barn cleaning two guns.

"Getting ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you won't want those to-night, we drill with sticks."

"Oh!"

"Yes, my sons, and I think you will know the reason when you see the Boys of Liberty."

"Shall we?"

"I think so; now put your guns away and come with me."

CHAPTER III.

THE BOYS OF LIBERTY.

The night was dark and the distance to be traversed before the drill ground of the Boys of Liberty was reached one that was almost untrodden, for it lay through the woods, and the roots of trees were likely to trip up the pedestrian when he was least prepared for such a misfortune.

Abram Billington and his sons were very surefooted, and they made considerable progress.

"Father, I think some one is following us," Ted whispered.

"Who can it be?"

"I will step on one side and find out," young Abram volunteered.

"No, I think it is only Ted's fancy."

The three walked on in silence, keeping their ears open for the slightest sound, but nothing was heard.

Suddenly Ted caught his brother's arm and exclaimed:

"What was that?"

"I think some one is on the path and has fallen over a root," said the elder Billington.

"It may be one of our comrades."

"We will go back a little and see, we have plenty of time."

Some fifty feet behind they came across something which looked very suspicious. On the ground there lay a cap, but no owner seemed to be near.

The cap was close to a projecting root of a tree, and it needed not the skill of a detective to arrive at the conclusion that its wearer had fallen and for some reason was afraid to stay to find his headgear.

"I wonder who it can be?"

"Hello, there!" shouted the elder Billington; "who has lost a cap?"

The shouting disturbed some birds, but that was all the response.

"I will hang up the cap; its owner may come to claim it sometime."

"Father, I think we had better keep it."

"Why?"

"Its owner is no friend, or he would have answered when you called, and it might be useful as a clew."

"I am ashamed of you, Abram; the cap does not belong to us, and I shall leave it."

Nothing else disturbed the party on its way through the wood, and in half an hour the meeting place of the Minute Men was reached.

About seventy country boys had gathered and stood in groups talking in low tones.

On the outskirts of the ground some sentries were posted, and stood with guns all ready to fire should occasion require.

"Who goes there?"

"Friends," Billington answered.

"Advance, one of you, and give the countersign."

"Doesn't he know you, father?"

"Yes, but no one should be allowed to pass the sentry without being challenged."

Billington walked up to the sentry, who kept his gun at his shoulder, and said, in a low voice:

"Remember the Boston massacre!"

The sentry saluted and Billington was allowed to pass with his boys.

In the midst of one of the groups stood Paul Revere. It was evident he was greatly troubled, but a smile passed over his face as he recognized Billington.

"Welcome, captain," he said, and some of the boys round asked:

"Is Master Billington to be our captain?"

"Yes."

"Good. A better man never wore shoe leather."

"Say, boys, let us give three cheers for our captain."

"No, no; we must be quiet and not attract attention."

"That is something new, is it not, friend Revere?"

"Yes, the Tories are going to watch us, and if possible send some of us to England to be tried for treason."

"If they do——"

"Well, those who go will lose their heads, for King George will hang them and cut off their heads as a warning to us."

"You do not mean it, Revere?"

"I know it, so we must use caution. But come, time presses. I see Abe and Ted; what did you bring them for?"

"They want to enroll."

"I almost think I am sorry, they are young and their mother will be lonely."

"They are brave boys, and will give a good account of themselves."

"I know that; I wish all our recruits were as intelligent. I am sure all are brave, but would you believe it we have quite a few who cannot master a simple march, and to see them shuffling about makes the heart ache."

"Fall in!" Revere commanded, and the Boys of Liberty got into line, but alas! they looked like so many stragglers.

"Attention!"

"Right dress!"

"Eyes front!"

"Tom Higgins, never mind what your neighbor is doing, all you have to do is to obey my orders."

"I wasn't looking round, colonel."

"Then you made a good make-believe of doing so."

"Stand at ease!"

To the rustic minds of most of those young recruits the order "Stand at ease" meant to loll about in any manner most comfortable, causing Billington to laugh and Revere to turn almost livid with anger.

"My dear Revere, have patience with them."

"I'll try, Billington, but it is hard work, and to think that we shall have to meet England's choicest soldiers with such material."

"They can shoot, even if they cannot drill."

Billington stepped forward and explained to the recruits the meaning of the various orders, showing them the difference between "attention" and "stand at ease."

After some little trouble they did it fairly well, and then Revere gave the order:

"Forward, march!"

It is quite true that they all moved forward, but there was nothing soldierly about it.

"Halt!"

"Attention!"

"Now listen to me, boys; when I say 'right' let each one of you put his right foot forward."

He looked along the line and had the lanterns placed so that their feet could be seen.

"Hold up your right hands."

It was a very simple order, but it was not obeyed or, perhaps, it was misunderstood, for as many raised their left hands as those who raised their right hands.

"I don't think they know the difference," Billington suggested.

Revere called to two of the young men, and bade them fetch some wisps of straw from a nearby stack. When they returned he took the wisps, and with the help of Billington, tied a wisp round the right leg of each recruit.

"Now, remember when I say 'straw leg,' you put that forward, and when I say 'left leg,' you put the other forward."

"Yes, colonel."

"Do you understand?"

"Please, colonel, what am I to do with my straw leg

when I put the left forward?" asked Hosea Simpkins, who was generally looked upon as being a "natural."

"Leave it where it is."

"Attention!"

"Eyes front!"

"Stand at ease!"

"Attention!"

"That was very good; now be careful. Forward, march! Straw leg, left leg, straw leg, left leg! Halt."

"What in thunder are you doing, Hosea Simpkins?" Capt. Billington asked, when he could compose himself sufficiently, for he was laughing almost hysterically.

Hosea had been forgotten, and when attention was called to him he was seen twisting and turning about, first putting his left foot in front of the other and then swinging it to the rear, but never moving an inch.

"Didn't I ask the colonel what I was to do with my straw leg when I put my left leg forward? An' didn't he say, keep it where it is, an' I am tryin' to do it."

"You idiot, you are supposed to be marching, are you not?"

"Guess so; now how am I to keep my straw leg just where it is if I'm to move it?"

"Do the same as the others are doing."

"Attention!"

"Eyes front!"

"Josh, what are you looking at Hosea for?"

"I ain't, I'm lookin' at you."

There was a laugh at poor Josh's expense, for he was very cross-eyed, and when he thought he was looking at the commanding officer his eyes were really turned to the right of him.

"All right, Josh, only don't fire the way you look or the enemy won't get the bullet."

"All right, cap'n, I'll fire straight, even if I look crooked."

"Stand at ease!"

"What are you rubbing your left leg with your right foot for?"

"It itches, cap'n."

"Never mind that, you must not raise your foot unless you are so ordered."

"Attention!"

"That was better, now listen to me: Right face!"

Only two of the whole company turned to the right, the others merely turned their faces to the right, leaving their bodies perfectly still.

With considerable patience Paul Revere explained the meaning of "right face" and "left face," and the boys seemed to master it, though Josh whispered to Hosea:

"B'gosh, why couldn't he say twirl round to the right?"

"We've got to be like real solgers, an' I'm goin' to try hard."

"Attention!"

"Left face!"

Some turned to the right, and Capt. Billington asked the reason.

"An' didn't he say that it was right face an' then left face?" asked Hosea.

"Forward, march!"

In an instant there was a scrambling and scuffling on the ground, for while some started to march to the left

those in front either stood still or tried to march to the front, thus falling over each other.

This kind of drill was continued for an hour, and then the wisps of straw were taken off and the march attempted without, only to prove a dire failure. The straw was restored and the march was a success

The lanterns were beginning to go out, and so the drill was discontinued, but Revere addressed the recruits in a very earnest manner.

"You may think all this drill unnecessary," he said, "but it is not. If we have to fight, we shall meet some of England's trained soldiers, and you will find that the more they keep together the better they fight. It will be the same with you. You must learn to march so that your bodies are as straight in line as a stone wall.

"The next drill will be with real guns, and I want you to learn to use them effectually, for none can tell when we may have to take the field.

"Go to your homes now, but he cautious. Do not speak to your neighbors about our drills; we must keep our lips sealed or we shall lose our heads.

"Remember we are only learning how to guard those dear to us, and to obtain our rights.

"Go about your work as men, but do not tire yourselves too much, for we shall want all our strength when the time comes.

"Capt. Billington will drill you frequently, for I have other camps to visit. So now in parting let each man hold up his hand and say with me:

"As God is my judge, I will give my life to the cause of my country and be ready at a minute's notice to take my gun and fight for liberty and justice."

The words were repeated with as much solemnity as if uttered in a church, and every man felt the responsibility he had assumed.

"Fall out!"

Paul Revere accompanied Capt. Billington through the wood home, for he had many instructions to give and much to say.

It was midnight when he left the Billington home, mounted on one of the farmer's good horses, and it was near daybreak before the Billington boys could settle

themselves to sleep, for their nerves were all tingling with excitement and their blood flowed like a fiery fluid through their veins.

They had sworn to give their lives to their country, and they were filled with patriotic fervor.

CHAPTER IV.

A TORY COMES TO GRIEF.

The Boys of Liberty dispersed quickly after the drill was concluded, for most of them had to be up before sunrise to start the work of the day.

They did not walk home together, even where their ways lay in the same direction, for they had been cautioned not to attract too much attention.

Hosea Simpkins was one of the last to leave, and when he did start he was in no hurry to go home. He was a natural, so the people said—that is, he was only half witted—and no one took any notice of where he went or what he did.

He sat on a tree stump, swinging his legs and muttering:

"Straw leg, left leg, straw leg, left leg!"

Then he looked down at his legs, and as the light of the horn lantern fell upon them he laughed heartily.

"That's queer, I ought to have a straw leg, but blame me I haven't!"

"Hey, ho!"

"Why, who be you?" Hosea asked, as a stranger's form fell across his vision.

"I was going to ask the same question of you."

"What question?"

"Why, who are you?"

"A boy."

"Are you, really? But what is your name?"

"Hosea."

"Hosea what?"

"No, I ain't Watt; he lives in Salem, an' preaches at——"

"I asked what was your second name?"

"Oh!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Would you like to know?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"You see I like to be properly introduced, and unless I know your name I shall have to call you Hosea."

"That's a good enough name—isn't it?"

"I suppose so; now you look like a poor boy, and I have some money I would like to give you."

"What for?"

"Because I am a stranger here, and I want to get to know who lives hereabouts so that I may call on them to-morrow."

"An' if I tell you what you want to know you will give me some money?"

"Yes."

"Have you got any?"

"If I hadn't how could I give it to you?"

"Has it got the king's head on it?"

"Yes."

"What will be money when the king's head is off?"

"Off where?"

"His shoulders."

"You are a fool."

"Yes, so they say."

"It is true. But you know what money is, and so I think you would like to earn some; it is getting late and I must go to the inn soon."

"Why don't you go now?"

"I want to talk to you. Do you know anything about the Boys of Liberty?"

"A lot."

"They were drilling here to-night."

"Is that so? Why, you know more than I thought. Say, which is straw leg?"

"Straw leg?"

"I said so, but perhaps you don't know."

"I don't."

"Then I'll have to get some one to teach you."

"Who drilled the boys to-night?"

"Who?"

"You fool, can't you answer a question?"

"I haven't had any of those king's heads you spoke of."

The stranger took a shilling from his pocket and handed it to Hosea. The boy looked at it and then laughed.

"What are you laughing at?"

"That old scarecrow," pointing to the king's head.

"That is our king."

"Is that so? I thought it was some old heathen put there to frighten folks. He isn't a beauty—is he?"

"I heard a farmer, Billington, lived about here."

"Then you heard what every one knows."

"Where does he live?"

"Don't you know?"

"I should not ask you if I did."

"Well, he lives over there."

"If you will take me to his house I will give you another shilling."

"Blame me, you must be the king himself, you have got so much money."

"Will you show me the way?"

"I should want two shillings to do that."

"I will give you five if you will tell me all I want to know."

"All right."

"Tell me what the Boys of Liberty were doing to-night."

"Everything?"

"Yes."

"Well, they were eating an' drinking at supper time,

an' then they went for a walk an', say, they had straw legs; I had one, but I haven't now. Which is straw leg, do you know?"

The stranger was getting impatient, and he gave the boy a kick on the shins.

"Was Master Revere with the boys to-night?"

"Master Revere? A nice man, a pleasant man; well, I guess I'll go an' ask Farmer Billington, he may know, an' he'd do a lot for me."

"Show me where he lives and I will ask him myself."

"You couldn't get to his house."

"Why?"

"Too well dressed."

"What has that to do with it? Lead the way and I will follow."

The natural held up the lantern so that he could see the stranger's face, and then he drew his fingers across his throat and said:

"Do as I did an' swear you'll follow me."

The stranger thought it better to humor the boy, so he drew an imaginary knife across his throat and swore to follow him.

"Come along."

Hosea had the lantern; it was the only one, and the night was dark. The boy plunged into the wood and ran as fast as any hound, making the stranger puff and blow to even keep him in sight.

"Hold on, you fool!"

"You said you'd follow, come on."

"Don't go so fast."

"That isn't fast, you should see me run—are you coming?"

The stranger caught his toe in the projecting root of a tree and fell headlong. Hosea turned and laughed at the spectacle.

"I didn't fall, an' I'm a nateral," he said.

When the journey was resumed, Hosea dashed forward at a breakneck pace, and shouted to the stranger to follow.

A minute later the lantern fell from the boy's hands and the candle was extinguished.

"You'll have to follow my voice now, for I haven't a flint an' steel to light the candle. Come on."

"Which way?"

"You are on the path; run quickly, I hear a wolf."

The stranger did run, but before he could stop himself he was up to his waist in a thick, slimy marsh, and felt himself sinking deeper.

"Where are you?" asked Hosea.

"Here, in this confounded mud."

"You'll never get out; no one ever did. It's a suck hole; draw you down, down, down, an' King George's money won't help you."

"You led me wrong."

"I didn't. I told you to follow."

"I'm drowning; quick, help me out."

"What'll you give?"

"Five shillings."

"Stay where you are; it won't be for long, you'll soon be over the worst, an' they do say dying ain't half so bad as you think."

"I'll give you ten shillings."

"Honor bright?"

"Yes."

"All right; catch hold of my hand."

Hosea was so close to the stranger that it was hu-

miliating to think of, but the situation necessitated silence, for he felt that the boy might leave him to perish in the marsh.

"Say when you're ready an' I'll pull."

"Pull quick, boy, I'm choking."

Hosea gave a sudden pull and the stranger got one foot on the bank, but instantly fell backwards into the marsh, and was completely submerged in the thick, pasty mud.

"B'gosh, but wasn't your hand slimy? Try again."

Once more an attempt was made and seemed likely to be successful, but Hosea's foot slipped, and he sat suddenly down on the bank, pushing the stranger into the marsh once more.

"You did that on purpose, you young scoundrel."

"Did I? Well, then, good-night; get out of Noll's Hole the best way you can."

"Come back or I shall die."

"That wouldn't hurt me. I guess you aren't of much account, anyway."

"Come back and save me, and I will give you all the money I have with me."

"What's your name?" asked Hosea.

"That is not your business; help me out of this."

"I want to know who I'm savin'."

"Give me your hand, I'm nearly dead."

"All right, I'm in no hurry."

"If I die my spook shall haunt you all your life."

That remark reached the core of the "natural's" heart, for he believed in ghosts, and had a mortal fear of seeing a spook.

He made no more objections, but quickly pulled the man out of the marsh, and then bade him good-night.

Hosea started to run as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving the stranger to find his way out of the wood as best he could.

Hosea turned his steps in the direction of Farmer Billington's house, and was within sight of it when he changed his mind and turned towards the barn.

"I guess the farmer 'ud be startin' out to find the Tory, so he would, an' that would spoil the sport."

"What Tory, Hosea?"

The boy gave a start and almost fell over a sawbuck, thinking that a spook was after him, but when he saw

that it was Master Billington, who had just returned after starting Revere on his homeward journey, he laughed so heartily that Farmer Billington thought he would surely have a fit.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"A Tory watched us drill, an' he wanted me to bring him to your house, so he did, an' I landed him in Noll's Hole instead. It was sport, I tell you."

By degrees the farmer got the story from Hosea, and while he chided him for his cruel behavior, he could not help feeling glad that an English spy had been fooled by an idiot—a natural, as a half-witted boy was called.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOVERNOR DEFIED.

Gen. Gage had a more difficult task before him than any he had ever undertaken. The English Government had selected Gen. Gage, who had been a successful governor of Montreal, as the most likely man to end the disturbance in the American colonies. He had acted firmly, but very injudiciously, and found himself defied at every point.

New Year's day had scarcely passed before an order was received to reduce the colonists by force, and the governor was informed that a force of ten thousand soldiers was on its way to aid in the work of subjugation.

Boston Neck was seized and fortified, the military stores in the arsenals at Cambridge and Charlestown were conveyed to Boston, and the work of coercing the representatives of the people was commenced.

The General Assembly was in session, and measures

were being discussed in a rather pedantic manner when the clerk announced that he had received a message from his excellency, the governor.

"What is your pleasure?" asked the presiding officer, and a motion was made and passed that the message be read.

In terse and domineering language the governor announced that "By virtue of the power invested in me by His Gracious Majesty, George, King of Great Britain and Ireland, I hereby declare the General Assembly of the Colony of Massachusetts disbanded from and at the hour when this message is received."

The clerk read in a slow monotone. The message was received in silence, not a member stirred until the clerk laid the message down and then one of the members rose and asked:

"What is the next business?"

The clerk looked aghast, the president wondered what the question meant, the members looked at each other and an audible gasp seemed to come from each throat.

The crisis had come.

The time which tries men's souls had arrived.

The General Assembly, according to the governor, was a thing of the past.

The governor was the king's mouthpiece in the colony, and what the governor ordered was as though it came from the king.

"What is the next business?" again a member asked.

"What is your pleasure concerning the message from his excellency?" the presiding officer inquired.

"I move, sir, that no notice be taken of it."

It was Samuel Adams who had spoken, and his words caused another gasp.

To refuse to notice the message was an act of defiance; nay, it might be even construed as treason.

Men almost sobbed with emotion; some saw into the future and knew that blood would be shed like water before the end came.

Samuel Adams was still on his feet, and again repeated his motion:

"I move that no notice be taken of it," but then he added—"The message is an impertinence which should be treated with contempt."

The boldness of the speech took away their breath.

Martin Fowler caught the president's eye, and he rose to speak, but his excitement was so great that he could only find one word to utter, and that was:

"Amen!"

It was ludicrous, but no one even smiled, and sturdy John Hancock got up, and in a voice which shook the building said that he did not know what other men thought, but as for him he would rather die fighting than live to be a slave.

Then there was a roar.

Every member cheered. Hancock had struck the right chord.

The president tried to be conservative, and reminded the members that the General Assembly could, according to law, be disbanded by the governor.

Then up jumped Samuel Adams, and every member rose, expecting to see Adams lead the way out, but instead he addressed the president.

"If it is your ruling, sir, that the governor hath power to disband the General Assembly, I move that we at once organize ourselves into a provincial con-

gress, and take the power, in the name of the people, of ruling the province."

Again the members gasped, but the gasp gave way to a cheer, which was like the roar of thunder. Adams had taken the lead in a movement the end of which none could foretell.

Paul Revere had listened to the speeches; he had led the cheering; he stood on one of the benches and shouted until his voice was nearly gone.

A crowd had gathered outside, and to that crowd Paul Revere conveyed the message that the governor no longer ruled, but that the province would be ruled by its own representatives in congress assembled.

The people went wild with excitement, and many ran through the streets shouting out the tidings.

Inside the hall of the new congress men's faces were pale, but every soul was strong.

"We shall have to fight," said Martin Fowler.

"Yes," replied Samuel Adams, "some have foreseen that, even the women are prepared. Listen to a portion of a letter written by Abigail Adams to her husband, John Adams, while he was in Philadelphia, at the Con-

tinental Congress: 'Did ever any kingdom or state regain its liberty without bloodshed? I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of Sparta were occasioned by their too great solicitude for present tranquillity, and from an excessive love of peace they neglected the means of making it sure and lasting. They ought to have remembered that as there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace founded in justice and honor, so there is nothing more shameful and at the same time more pernicious when attained by bad measures and purchased at the price of liberty.' A woman wrote that, and shall we hesitate?"

"No!"

"No! Our liberty we must have, even if we have to fight for it."

"To fight we must have soldiers. How are we to get them?"

"I move that twelve thousand men be equipped for the defense of the colony."

Cheer after cheer echoed through the building, and the people outside re-echoed it back again.

Paul Revere mounted a barrel just outside the door and announced that an army of twelve thousand men was to be raised, and none was wanted unless he would pledge himself to die rather than surrender.

"I shall offer my services," said Revere.

"So shall I."

"Count me in."

"In the name of the Great Jehovah, I pledge myself to the cause," said a reverend minister of the Gospel.

"I'll join," shouted a youngster.

"So will I," added another.

In this way were the Boys of Liberty organized; in this way was the army of freedom started.

Gov. Gage had lighted a fire which all the power of England could not quench.

CHAPTER VI.

CARTING AMMUNITION.

"What have you got in that cart, Abram Billington?" asked a soldier, who had orders not to allow any ammunition to pass out of Boston by that road.

"As you are so anxious to know, you had better search," the farmer replied.

Gov. Gage had heard that the people of Boston had been gathering lots of powder and other ammunition, and had been sending it out of the city to the farmhouses near by, and that quantities were being stored at Concord.

To prevent this he had practically declared Boston under martial law, though not openly at that time. Every cart leaving the city was stopped and examined, but with little result.

The soldier looked into the cart, and found nothing but a lot of useless rubbish.

"What in the name of St. George are you going to do with that?" he asked.

"I have no objection to telling you. I have a nasty piece of lowland that wants filling in, and I have contracted to take away all the rubbish from a number of houses, so you will see me often this way."

"All right, farmer, I am only sorry that it was my duty to stop you."

"Never mind that; a good man always does his duty. Good-day."

"Good-day, farmer."

Abram Billington drove on whistling a tune which was unlike anything ever before heard, for the farmer had no idea of music.

When he had got some distance down the road he stopped his horse and gave it a much-needed rest, for the rubbish was very heavy.

"Poor old girl," he said, as he stroked the nose of his mare. "I hate to impose on you, but I had to drive you hard, for rubbish is light and what we carry is heavy."

The journey was resumed, and Billington allowed the mare to take her time.

"That you, Hosea?"

"I guess you about struck it, cap'n."

"What are you doing down the road?"

"I thought as how a ride with you 'ud be kind o' nice."

"That is not the reason; now out with it."

"Why, cap'n, to tell the truth, I guess that you'll have to dump that stuff at Denman's."

"Why?"

" 'Cause there's been a kind o' skunk round all arternoon."

"You mean that we are suspected?"

"I don't know about that, 'cause I don't know what 'spected is, but that skunk was askin' me a lot o' things."

"All right, Hosea, to Denman's we will go—eh, mare?"

The horse did not object; perhaps she knew that Denman's was a mile nearer than her own home.

A comfortable farmhouse was reached, and Billing-

ton said that he had a load of stuff from Boston he would like to unload.

Denman seemed to understand, for he led the way round to the barn and helped Billington to unload.

A quantity of rubbish was moved aside, and from under it two barrels of powder and a quantity of lead was taken and hidden in the hayloft.

"I guess that's safe—eh, Denman?"

"Not a bit of it will be used except against the enemies of our province."

"Good. Do not tell anyone about it."

"Not a word."

The mare was started on her way home, the load being pleasantly lighter. Hosea was very talkative, and the farmer saw that he was more serious than usual.

"What was that?" the farmer asked, softly.

"I guess it's some skunk or other," answered Hosea. "Let me hide in the cart, I'm feared."

"Get in, you silly fellow. I thought you had more courage."

Hosea crawled into the cart and hid himself in the rubbish. It did not matter to him that it was not as

fresh as it might be. He had said he was afraid, and that was enough to account for his absence of squeamishness.

The farmer had not gone very much farther before a man stepped into the middle of the road and seized the horse's bridle, while another man clambered into the cart.

"Say a word and I'll kill you," said the man at the horse's head.

"What do you want?"

"You have a load of powder, intended for the rebels, and you have to cart it back to Boston."

"Is that so?"

"You know it is."

"I know nothing of the sort, and what is more I have no powder. I wish I had."

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, for if I had my pistol with me I would make you drop that bridle quickly."

"Turn your horse round."

"I will not, and let me tell you that there is still

some law in the province and you shall suffer for this indignity."

"Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!"

"Murder! Furies! Murder!"

The man who had clambered into the cart shouted out these words as he jumped from the cart and ran shrieking down the road.

"What is it?" shouted his companion, but no answer came, and the man dropped the bridle and followed his companion.

How they did run!

They cared nothing for holes and ruts, but sped over the ground like wild creatures.

From the cart there came a gurgling laugh, smothered somewhat by the rubbish, but still loud enough for the farmer to hear.

"What are you laughing at, Hosea?"

"It was fun!"

"What was?"

"Why, to see that chap fall out o' the cart, an' scamper down the road."

"What made him do it?"

"Dunno."

"I fancy you do; now tell me, my boy?"

"Well, cap'n, it was this way: When you said as how you'd no powder, the chap began to feel under the hay an' stuff, an' his hand got into my mouth somehow, an' I did not like it, so I closed my teeth, an' then he shouted murder. He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha!"

"You bit him?"

"I guess I must have done, for I had a nasty taste in my mouth, an' it was like blood."

"It was wrong."

When Billington reached home he found Paul Revere waiting for him, and gladly congratulated him on having moved so much powder.

"I have some work for you and your company," said Revere.

"We are ready for it."

"It is full of danger."

"All the more eager are we to do it—eh, boys?"

"Yes, indeed, father," Ted spoke up; "I should love

some danger, everything has been so very tame up to now."

"You will have your fill, my boy, ere long; and may Heaven grant that we may all live to see the end."

"Amen to that."

"In the town of Braintree the powder house is full of the best powder, and it is not safe there."

"You want us to get it?"

"Yes; Braintree is full of Tories, and it will be a shame if they can get the powder to use against us."

"I will take care of that."

"You will want a good force of men. How many can you count on?"

"Do you anticipate a fight?"

"If twenty men went, I do not think one would live to tell the tale."

"Then in numbers will be our safety?"

"That is my idea."

"When must we go?"

"John Hancock thinks it would be best to make the raid on Sunday."

For a moment the farmer's face clouded, and his wife

gasped with horror, for the Revolutionary men were deeply religious and had not outgrown the strict Puritanism which had descended from their ancestors. To them Sunday was so sacred that in many families no work of any kind was allowed to be performed, and not one would ever think of taking his horses out on that day.

"Ours is a religious work, farmer and my dear dame, or I would not advocate doing it on Sunday."

"I know that, Master Revere, and Sunday is, indeed, the best time."

On the following Sunday evening Billington at the head of a force of nearly two hundred Boys of Liberty set out for Braintree.

The men seemed very unlikely soldiers, and by the side of England's redcoats they would present a sorry appearance; but what they lacked in military deportment, they more than made up for in earnest enthusiasm.

"Halt!"

The Boys of Liberty came to a stand and Capt. Billington, mounted on one of his farm horses, rode on

ahead, accompanied by his two sons and Farmer Denman.

"Where are we going, father?"

"Hush, I hear the tramp of horses."

Two men, riding splendid horses, were now seen coming down the road, and the four Boys of Liberty spread themselves across the roadway so that the two could not pass.

"Halt!" shouted Farmer Billington.

"Who are you that dareth to stop two king's men?" asked one of the approaching horsemen.

"King's men are you? That is just what we thought."

"Stand aside and let us pass, or on your head be the blame."

"Tut, tut, man; what precious work are you bent upon?"

Armed with the authority of King George and Gov. Gage, these men thought that no one would dare stop them, and they showed their amazement.

"We have two warrants, which we must serve."

"Two warrants? Well, hand them over and we will attend to them. Quick, we can stand no delay."

One of the king's men drew a pistol, but Billington made his horse spring forward and with a well-directed blow knocked the pistol from his hand.

"Give me those warrants or you shall both die."

"To whom are we speaking?" asked the king's man, with a sneer.

"To the people of the province," answered Billington, whereupon there was a laugh.

Ted, with all the enthuisasm of boyhood, leaped forward and dexterously catching the speaker by the leg unhorsed him so quickly that the man had no power to resist.

Capt. Billington whistled, and his little army of Boys of Liberty rushed forward at double quick, only, if truth must be told, their quick march was more of an indiscriminate race than a military march.

The king's men seeing the force which surrounded them, begged for their lives, and Billington told them that if they gave up the warrants that no harm should come to them.

The documents were produced and hastily scanned.

"Boys of Liberty, had these warrants been served some of our best men would have been sent to England to die an ignominious death. What shall we do with them?"

"Hang them!"

"No, I mean what shall we do with the papers?"

"Burn them."

"All in favor of burning them say yea."

"Yea, yea!"

The word was taken up by everyone present, and then Capt. Billington ordered that the executioner should be one of the king's men.

Each of the officers refused to burn the warrants, and for a time it looked as though they could not be forced to do so, but Hosea came to the rescue.

The boy had been sitting on one of the carts, apparently doing nothing but play with some ropes.

He sprang down and quicker than the act can be described he had a slip-knotted noose over the head of one of the officers.

Throwing the other end over a high branch of a tree,

he began to pull until the king's man was balancing himself on his toes and trying to prevent the pressure of the rope strangling him.

Hosea pulled a little harder, and all the time sang an old nursery rhyme about the cow jumping over the moon.

The tension was great, and the man could not save himself.

He pleaded for mercy, but Hosea kept on singing and pulling until the man could no longer touch the ground with his toes.

"When you'll burn the paper I'll let you down," cried Hosea.

The king's man was unable to speak, but he motioned that he would do whatever they demanded.

With a sudden release of the rope he struck the ground, and Hosea stood ready to repeat the dose of involuntary suspension if the man showed any hesitation.

A lantern was opened, and by the flame of the candle the papers were burned.

At the command of Billington the two king's men were securely gagged and bound and then fastened to the tree to await the return of the Boys of Liberty.

The order to march was given, and Braintree was reached.

The powder house stood just outside the market place, and was guarded by a single soldier.

Denman and young Abram Billington threw themselves on the man and disarmed him.

He was secured by ropes, and the keys of the powder house taken from him.

Ready hands made light work, and in ten minutes every barrel of powder was loaded into the carts and the order to return was given.

As the procession passed down the street a window was opened and a woman's face appeared.

"'Tis Mistress Adams," said Denman.

"Ay, so it is."

"Do you want any powder, Mistress Adams?" asked Denman.

"Nay, nay, my good man, it is in such good hands."

Had it not been Sunday those gallant Boys of Lib-

erty would have cheered the patriotic dame, but as Mistress Adams wrote to her husband, "They were as decorous as though they were going home from the meeting house."

On the way back the two king's men were released, but their horses were confiscated to the cause of liberty, not on account of the value of the animals, but to prevent the officers giving an early alarm.

The powder was safely stored in a place well guarded by patriotic colonists, and the triumphant Boys of Liberty returned to their homes to snatch a few hours rest ere the labors of the week commenced.

CHAPTER VII.

"I'LL CRUSH THEM!"

Gov. Gage paced the floor of his residence uneasily. He had failed—failed, just when he imagined success was sure.

Every day brought to him news of the drilling of the Boys of Liberty and of the storing of powder and ammunition.

He heard how pewter pots and mugs were being melted into bullets, and knew that every dealer in old junk was contributing all the lead he possessed to swell the hoard of ammunition.

The raid on the powder house at Braintree angered him more than anything else, and his temper made him an unbearable companion. No one cared to enter his presence, and his friends shunned him when these angry moods were on him, as they would the plague.

Brave as any man that ever lived, at times a fear would possess him that his life might be taken, not on

the battlefield, but by the hand of an assassin, showing how little he appreciated the nobility and grandeur of the uprising of the people.

"I'll crush them if I have to burn every house in the colony. I'll ship a lot of them to England, and they shall be hanged as traitors, and——"

"Well, what now?"

"A man wishes to see your excellency."

"Perhaps to stab me."

"No, your excellency, he bears good recommendations from some loyal friends."

"I'll risk it; show him in."

"Shall I stay with him?"

"No; but be within call."

The young officer who served as confidential aide to the governor left the room and presently ushered in a man who had the appearance of being a son of a well-to-do merchant.

"Well, sir, you wished to see me?"

"I did, your excellency."

"On what business? Pardon my being brusque, but I have so many weighty things to attend to."

"But none more important than that which brought me here."

"And what is that?"

"I come in the name of many loyal colonists to recall to you that you have no more faithful friends than ourselves."

"That was poor excuse for your visit. You must have had some other object."

"I have, and if I am assured of protection I will unfold my plan for settling the troubles of the colony."

"Pray, sir, what may be your name?"

"Beverley, your excellency, Robert Beverley, a loyal subject of our most gracious king."

"Beverley, of Beverley Manor?"

"The same, your excellency."

"I know your loyalty and shall listen to what you have to say, with interest."

"The merchants, your excellency, want to see commerce restored and business once more profitable, but that cannot be until these brawlers are dispersed."

"You have a plan?"

"Yes; I know where the Boys of Liberty, as they call

themselves, drill; I know where they have got a large amount of ammunition stored, and I can name the ringleaders."

"Good, and you want me to seize this ammunition?"

"No, for they would get more. Seize two or three of the leaders; make the people believe that they have become informers; this will destroy confidence in them. Then quietly ship off the leaders to England, and with a little show of force, perhaps burn a few houses, kill a man or woman, or even a child, and so strike terror into the rest."

"So that is your plan?"

"Is it not a good one?"

"It is worth considering, and what is to be your reward?"

"All I ask for myself is a mere nothing."

"Name it."

"Your excellency knows Martin Fowler?"

"Well."

"He has a daughter, Theresa."

"A beautiful, but rather bold girl."

"She is an angel; but alas!"

"Ah, and has she spurned you?"

"Yes, and I have sworn that I will win her yet."

"How can I help you?"

"Her father is one of the discontents."

"So, you would win the daughter by striking at the father?"

"It need only be a pretense. Arrest Fowler and then allow me to secure his release on the day his daughter becomes my wife."

"And is that what brought you here?"

"I told you, your excellency, that I can name the leaders of the rebellion, and that what I have just suggested is merely my reward."

"Well, sir, name them, and should the plan work out well, I will help you win a wife."

"There is that engraver—Paul Revere."

"I dare not, even as the representative of the king, touch him. He has too many powerful friends."

"He drills the Boys of Liberty."

"It may be so, but I can only touch him for open treason."

"Let me kidnap him."

"You couldn't do it."

"Give me authority, and I will have him within three days."

"That I cannot do, but I will say that anyone who can spirit him away from Boston, so that he cannot be heard from again, will be more likely rewarded than punished."

"That is enough."

"I have given no authority."

"Two nights ago I followed Revere out of Boston and found that he was going to the farm of one Abram Billington. I learned that this Billington was a captain of the rebels, and that at his house lots of guns and powder were stored."

"So you want power to arrest a farmer and to kidnap an engraver. Methinks the King of Great Britain must be flattered when I report to him that his rule over the Colonies of America is menaced by a farmer and a mere mechanic."

"You may laugh at me, your excellency, but I know what I am talking about."

"So it seems. And I am to embody in my report that if the farmer and mechanic are thrown into prison and a young girl marries a loyal subject there will be, at once, peace in the colony. I wish you good-day, Master Beverley."

"Then you reject my plan? Let me tell you, sir, that I have risked my life in your service, and——"

"I do not reject it, I only bade you good-day, and when I have thought over your suggestions I will send for you."

"I have the honor of wishing your excellency good-day."

"Stay, Beverley, one word before you go."

"I am your excellency's most obedient."

"Can you get John Hancock and Samuel Adams? I care not how, so long as you get them, or prove to me that they are dead. You shall then have the girl, even if I have to force her to the altar, and you shall have anything else you like to ask."

"If I bring report that the men you name are dead?"

"Proof; it must be positive proof."

"Shall I have protection?"

"Protection, wealth and the girl you desire. What more can I say?"

"I can trust you?"

"On the honor of an officer of the king and an English gentleman."

"I will claim the reward."

"Do it, and I will ask the king to bestow a title on you and your descendants."

"It is as good as accomplished."

Robert Beverley left the governor's presence highly elated. He saw himself already a victor, honored by his king and the husband of Theresa Fowler.

"John Hancock, Samuel Adams, bah, what are they? I can easily get them and, beshrew me, but I will have that engraver and farmer as well."

With this egotistic resolve Beverley walked through old Salem's streets as proud as a peacock and quite as vain.

Gov. Gage shuddered slightly as he thought of the compact he had made, for all manly honor was not crushed out of him, and he knew that he had incited to murder, but after that first slight tremor he calmed his

conscience with the thought that by the capture or death of those two men hundreds of lives might be saved and the colonies be spared the pains of insurrection.

"I'll go back to Boston, I think I shall be safer there, and I may be needed quickly if Beverley accomplishes anything."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE AND WAR.

Theresa Fowler was a charming girl, she was proud of her home and had a very sincere love of her country.

The Fowlers had not come over with the *Mayflower,* but had followed very soon after, and while one of the two brothers went to Connecticut and founded a family there, the other settled in Massachusetts.

Theresa was seventeen at the time we make her acquaintance, and was indefatigable in all good works, but she was no goody-goody girl, but a warm-hearted, lovable daughter of good parents.

Martin Fowler was a member of the General Council of the colony and was ready by his vote or the use of his money to assert the right of the people to resist oppression.

He had not deemed himself disloyal to the king; in fact, the very men who afterwards declared in favor of separation and independence drew a sharp line between

loyalty to the king and acceptance of despotic laws passed by the English Parliament.

Theresa, an only child, listened to frequent political discussions and formed very strong opinions thereon. She blamed the king, for as she used to say, "What is the use of being a king if one has to do what others order?"

She knew very little of the Minute Men or Boys of Liberty, but what she did know made her heartily in accord with them; but—and every girl who may read this story of those eventful days will agree that there is great significance in that small word, so much significance in this case that the author feels it is worthy of a new paragraph.

But Theresa was in love, and the one she loved was an English officer, a condition hard to reconcile with her very advanced political views.

She was working a sampler in wool on the afternoon of that day when the governor of the colony had been consenting to the bestowal of her hand on a person she did not love or even respect.

Somehow the needle would not go to the right places,

and she had to unpick a number of the stiches. The sampler represented a ship sailing in troubled waters and underneath the motto:

ALL FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

"My girl, do you know who called to see me to-day?" her father asked, as he entered the room.

For some reason her face flushed, and she scarcely more than whispered:

"No, father."

"Robert Beverley."

"Oh!"

"Do you know what he wished to see me about?"

"No, unless it was about business."

"It was about you."

"About me?"

"Yes, he wants you to be his wife."

"Father, I hate the man."

"My dear girl, you should not speak like that."

"It is the truth. I know it is wrong, but he is a traitor."

"If he is, so am I."

"No, no, father; he is a traitor to his country."

"He is a good patriot."

"Then may our country be saved from such patriots!"

"I thought you sympathized with the Minute Men."

"He does not."

"You wrong him. Why, he asked me for a letter of introduction to Samuel Adams."

"You did not give it?"

"No, my dear. Master Adams is the best judge of the men he wants to know."

"I am so glad; but, father, what did you say to him about me?"

"I told him that I did not want to part with you for many a year."

"That was right, father, dear; but even if I wanted to leave you and dear mother it would not be for Robert Beverley. He is a Tory."

"I think you wrong him; but, anyway, he will not seek you until you are ready to receive him."

Theresa bent over her work and began tracing her

name at the bottom of her canvas, and as she did so she made a letter "B," and then quickly rubbed her finger over it.

"I almost dislike the letter since Master Beverley owns it," her heart throbs said, but no word did she utter.

Why did she trace that letter?

Was she thinking of another young man whose name commenced with it?

It may have been so, for not many minutes passed after her father had spoken when the help announced:

"Lieut. Bailey."

Her face flushed so much that in trying to hide it she dropped her ball of wool on the floor, and before she could pick it up a pet cat had seized it and ran across the floor with it, completely unwinding the yarn.

"You naughty pussy, see what you have done."

"I do not blame the cat," the young lieutenant remarked, when he saw the wool getting all tangled.

"Don't you? but I do," she answered.

"Allow me to help you."

The two young people were down on the floor gath-

ering up the wool and often their hands touched, of course, accidentally, and sometimes their heads came very close together.

The wool was rescued and then commenced the work of untangling it. The lieutenant seemed quite as much at home in handling wool as with a sharp sword, and he was noted as being a good swordsman.

"Mistress Fowler, I want you to give me some advice."

"I am not able to advise so gallant a warrior."

"But on art you are, as this sampler shows."

"That is nothing. I only copy in wool the tracing."

"But you made the tracing."

"How know you that?"

"Because the ship is sailing in the face of the wind."

"Thank you, sir. That shows how unfit I am to give advice."

"I am sorry I spoke, I did not mean anything."

"I thank you for pointing out my silly mistake."

Bailey took from his pocket the design Revere had made for a book plate and handed it to her.

"Isn't that beautiful? Who drew it? Did you?"

"No, I could not draw a straight line even. It is the work of Master Revere."

"He is a clever man, and what is better, a good one."

"Do you like it?"

"It is lovely."

"Will you honor me by accepting it when the plate is engraved?"

"You do not mean it? Oh, no, I must not, I——"

"It was intended for you. I remember that to-morrow week is your birthday and surely a friend may give a small token of esteem on that day."

She sat and looked at the angel with the scroll and her heart palpitated with pleasure.

"But you are an enemy of my people," she said, in a low voice, with an almost audible sigh.

"There you wrong me. I am an English soldier, I admit, but that should not make me an enemy."

"But you may have to fight my people, I—mean—I fear that there may be war."

"Mistress Theresa, if there is, I hope I shall do my duty; but I hope an occasion may not arise, for I would like us to dwell in peace. Will you pardon me if I say

that there are men of your own colony who are greater enemies of yours than are the English."

"I know it."

"I must tell you of a funny thing which happened recently."

"Yes, do."

"It was early morning, and I was on duty as officer of the night, anxiously waiting to be relieved, when I was called and found a creature desirous of entering the fort."

"A creature?"

"Yes, I could not tell whether it was a man or what. It was dressed in a man's clothes, but from head to foot it was coated with a black, slimy mud. The creature spoke and asked permission to enter and wash off the mud. I knew then who it was. You have met him, I think."

"Who was it?"

"Master Robert Beverley."

"How did he get into that state?"

"It is too funny for words. Gradually I got the story. It appears that he was doing a little sneaking

work, watching Master Revere, so he says, though that I do not believe. He got lost in the woods, and paid a boy, a natural, good English money to guide him out. The natural led him to the edge of Noll's Hole, and then the candle went out and Master Beverley was wallowing in the mud up to his neck."

"It served him right."

"I think so, but he is dangerous."

"In what way?"

"Do you know that if he swears that Master Revere is one of the Boys of Liberty he will be arrested and sent to England, and then he is almost certain to be cast into prison and kept there for life?"

"England would never dare."

"I hope not, but if the governor has his way, not only Master Revere, but many more will be deported across the sea."

"I wish I could have seen Master Beverley. How I should have laughed at him. I could not have helped it."

"Do not anger him. I speak as a friend. Mistress Theresa, believe me when I tell you that I would rather

be an English soldier ordered to shoot down the Boys of Liberty than a base, cowardly traitor like Beverley."

"I am sure of that; but how I do wish you were on our side."

"In principle and thought I am; but I am an English soldier, and even if I resigned I could not openly espouse your cause, for if fighting came, I should have to fight, and that you would not ask me to do."

"It is very hard."

"What am I to do? You have worked 'All for conscience sake' on your sampler; my conscience tells me that Adams and Hancock and your father and Revere are right, but my duty orders me to be on the opposite side—what am I to do?"

"Your duty, Lieut. Bailey. That every true man must do."

"And if I do I shall lose your esteem, just when I hoped that I had won something warmer, may——"

"I do not misunderstand you. I am not a silly girl, but a woman, and I have had my father as a companion and, therefore, speak plainly. I thank you for the

honor of giving me a place in your thoughts, but you are English, I am American."

"Is that an insuperable barrier?"

"For the present, yes. We can be good friends; we can each do our duty and some day the barrier may be broken down, and then——"

"It will be, and I shall come to claim you for my own."

"Do your duty, but never let it lead to dishonor, for then I should hate you."

Bailey took a few yards of the wool, and twisting the strands into a thick rope he knotted each end in a peculiar fashion, and then cut the rope through in the center.

"Mistress Theresa take one of these ends and keep it. If, at any time, you or your family should be in trouble, contrive to send that end to me. I shall recognize the knots and I will do all that man can do to serve you."

"And the other end?"

"That I shall keep next my heart until some day, and I hope before long, I shall present it to you as a reminder of the promise you have given me."

The young people spent a very happy hour and when the time for the return to duty came Bailey whispered:

"Remember what I have said. Through all time my heart will beat for you, and I know you will always think of me kindly."

"Indeed, I shall."

"Caution your father; he has enemies, and for your sake I do not want him to suffer. Until Sunday, good-by."

"Sunday?"

"Yes, in the Old South Church; I shall be there, and—but, perhaps, you may be there also."

"Old South Church—I may be there."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIGHTING AT BILLINGTON'S.

Robert Beverley played for big stakes. He wanted to marry Theresa Fowler, not only because he had taken a fancy to her, but he knew that her dowry would be considerable, and he had spent his own fortune and was face to face with poverty.

He had been South, through Pennsylvania and Virginia, and for years his native place had only known him by name. His father had been one of the most honored men in the colony, but Robert was a stranger, and, what was worse, a man without a character.

For several weeks he had been playing the spy, hoping to make a grand coup sometime, and as his reward claim the hand and fortune of Theresa.

His opportunity had come.

He saw before him wealth and honor.

To serve England was better than to cast in his lot with the colony, for success was impossible, and the

more resistance offered the tighter would the bonds be made.

In this way he reasoned and felt satisfied with himself.

In one thing he was doubtful; he had boasted of greater knowledge than he possessed, and all might be lost if he made the wrong move.

"I have it," he exclaimed, aloud, and then bit his lips in very shame that his thoughts had found utterance.

"I have it," he repeated, but this time to himself; "those Billington boys know all about it; they can tell me where the arms and ammunition are hidden, and they can tell where I can find the rebels, Adams and Hancock."

He entered his room and began to smoke. The clouds of smoke rose upwards and in them he saw visions in each of which he was the center figure.

"How can I make those boys speak?"

He looked upwards at the cloud of smoke and waited for an answer in the vapor.

"That youngest is very young. He would tell all he knew for some money, perhaps, or a gun might

tempt him, and if not then fear; ay, that is the best of all. If I could get him here he would reveal everything quicker than I could ask him."

Beverley knew of three men upon whom he could count, and with these he communicated and arranged his scheme.

"Remember, all we want is the boy; we must get him quietly; no noise, no chance of an alarm being given."

"You would take him from his home, then?"

"Yes; he is never out alone."

The next night Beverley and his three friends reached the Billington house a little before nine.

Not a light was to be seen, and it seemed that all the inmates had retired to rest. Men did not keep such late hours in those days as they do now; in fact, farmers often went to bed at sunset and rose before sunrise. The Billingtons, however, generally retired between eight and nine, and having worked hard all day were soon sound asleep.

"Any dogs?" asked one of the party.

"No, not in the house."

"How shall we enter?"

"By the window; don't talk for fear some one might hear."

Beverley waited a good half hour, and then bade his friends follow him.

He had studied the lay of the land the night before, and knew just what to do.

Leading the way to the barn, he showed where a ladder was kept, and bade them carry it to the house.

When the ladder was raised against the house side it was found that it did not reach Ted's window by four feet; that was too great a distance to risk, so a shorter ladder was fetched and spliced to it.

"Now, boys, we must go up very quietly; put a pillow over the boy's head until we can gag him effectually."

"Are we all to go up?"

"No, Tom will stay here to prevent any interference with our plan."

"And if anyone interferes?"

"Stick him as you would a pig; don't make a noise."

"Three of us will go up?"

"No, I am not going; here is the plan; Tom stays

here, Dixon goes up first and stifles the boy, he is followed by Mat, who passes down the stairs and opens the door for me."

"All very pretty, Master Beverley, but if it does not turn out as you plan?"

"We must be ready for any emergency, our lives are at stake and we must not fail."

Dixon, who had been noted as a steeple Jack, found it easy to go up the ladder and reach the window sill; he stood a moment and listened.

All was still, not a sound disturbed the silence.

Dixon raised the window noiselessly and again listened, but no one stirred.

"Is it all right?" asked Mat.

"Yes, come on quickly."

The question and answers were in very low whispers, and there was no sign that they had been heard.

He stepped into the room.

Instantly he found himself clasped round the legs, and before he could recover his astonishment he was lifted up and dropped headforemost through the window.

In his descent he struck Mat, and sent him tumbling down on the head of Tom, who almost shouted:

"My neck is broken!"

Beverley knew nothing of this. He had gone round to the front of the house and was standing at the door.

His quick ear detected the movement of a key in the lock and a bolt was drawn very quietly.

He waited a moment before opening the door, to hear if any alarm had been given upstairs; hearing none, he turned the handle and stepped into the large hall.

Silence like the silence of death reigned, and even he, daring as he was, felt his heart beat so quickly and loudly that he was afraid it would be heard.

Slowly he moved towards the stairs, and reached them without a sound.

He ascended three steps and paused.

Three more and again he stopped, but the very moment he did so his legs were seized from behind and with a sudden wrench he was dragged to the bottom.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed, as he picked himself up and tried to penetrate the darkness.

He wore a short sword, and this he drew, ready to meet anyone who opposed his progress.

He swung the sword round his head, and again tried to ascend the stairs.

At the top some one stood, holding a dark lantern, whose light was suddenly turned on him.

He turned and scrambled down the stairs with a face which plainly showed his terror.

At the foot of the stairs he was confronted by some one, who held a chair menacingly over him.

"Down on your knees!

"Speak one word and I'll scatter your worthless brains on the floor."

Beverley obeyed the command without any hesitation. His knees trembled so that it was doubtful whether he could have stood up a minute longer.

Candles were lighted and the Tory saw that he was in the power of Farmer Billington and his sons.

Dixon and Mat, who were not much hurt by their fall, managed to reach the hall just as their chief had been forced to his knees.

The sight of them gave new courage to Beverley, who called on Dixon to help him.

The two men pushed forward and drew their short swords.

Up the stairs about half way stood Farmer Billington, and just behind him, Abram and Ted, while in the hall, Hosea Simpkins, with a chair poised above his head, threatened the foe in the rear.

Beverley rushed up three steps and stood measuring his distance and considering whether he could avoid the gun which Beverley held as a club, and at the same time run the farmer through the body.

"One step more and you will die," Billington said, with a strange calmness.

"One step backwards an' you'll squeak," added Hosea, as he made a motion to strike with his upraised chair.

Dixon made a thrust at the boy, but down came the chair and away flew the man's sword.

"I thought your neck was broken when I flung you out of the window," said Hosea, "but as it wasn't, take that——"

The chair descended on Dixon's head, and if his skull was not broken or his neck not dislocated it was a miracle.

Hosea did not care to take any risks, and again and again his chair fell upon the fallen man.

On the stairs neither party seemed to be gaining.

Billington swung his gun round and kept Beverley at a distance, while the two boys above him kept cool and ready to take a hand in case their help was needed.

Mat, a timid man, not fitted by nature for any such lawless deeds, stood behind his chief, trembling and wondering what he had better do.

He had not to wonder long, for little Ted slipped over the baluster and dropped into the hall, landing safely on his feet.

He was quickly at the foot of the stairs, and catching hold of Mat's feet dragged him down, and with a strength far beyond what his figure and age seemed to warrant, he twirled him round and sent him spinning across the hall, where his head came in contact with Hosea's chair.

Beverley saw that he was outwitted and outnumbered.

He saw a chance to escape, and while making believe to stoop for an upward thrust with his sword he jumped downstairs, and out of the hall door before anyone could stop him.

In the meantime Ted had pulled down a heavy-knotted curtain cord and with it bound Mat's hands so that he could no longer work harm, and with Hosea's help he bound the man's feet and secured him to the baluster.

Dixon was dying, and his last breath was breathed before Mistress Billington could force some spirit down his throat.

Outside there was a groaning and moaning heard, and a search party went round the house and found Tom struggling to crawl away. He had managed to reach some rosebushes in front of the house, but his pain was so great that he could not restrain himself.

Mistress Billington, well versed in household medicine, examined the poor fellow and found that his back was broken and that life was fast ebbing away.

Making him as comfortable as possible until a doctor

could be summoned, they left him in the hall resting on a good feather bed.

Young Abram was sent for Squire Lenton, who was a doctor as well as a magistrate and a good colonial sympathizer as well, and in less than an hour he was there, but too late to save Tom, for death had claimed him a few minutes previously.

CHAPTER X.

HOSEA'S STORY.

The poor, despised "natural" was a hero.

Half-witted he might be, but the farmer and his family owned their lives to him.

He it was who planned the entire defense, and while Farmer Billington thought he was only humoring a foolish fancy of the boy, he agreed to do just what he suggested.

Squire Lenten held court in the big dining room of the farmer's house. It was a large room, for often twenty men had joined, at harvest time, the farmer's family and had not been crowded round the heavy pine table.

The case was a serious one.

Two men had been killed and one was a prisoner.

This prisoner looked miserable as he sat at one end of the table securely tied to a heavy armchair. His head was bandaged and strips of plaster crossed his

cheeks; when he opened his mouth it was seen that two of his front teeth had gone, and Hosea joyously admitted:

"I knocked 'em out."

"Abram Billington, what have you to say about this case?" the squire asked.

"I cannot say much, squire. I was warned that an attempt would be made to enter my house and kidnap one of my boys."

"Warned, who by?"

"Hosea."

"And you believed what he told you?"

"I did not."

"Why?"

"Because I thought he was fooling. You know he is said to be a natural."

"But if you did not believe his story, why did you prepare to defend your house?"

"Well, as for that, I did feel like a fool all the time, but I wanted to humor the boy. Heaven knows he has but few pleasures."

"That's true! I wish more Christians would think

of those less favored than themselves. So it was just to give him pleasure that you did as he wanted?"

"Yes."

"And your family agreed with you?"

"Yes. You see it was only for an hour or so, and it was fun for the boys."

"Why do you think that anyone wanted to kidnap one of your sons?"

"I did not say I thought so; I told you that Hosea said that was what these men intended."

"A serious crime, punishable by death. Take care, farmer, do not accuse anyone rashly."

"I only accuse that prisoner and those who were with him of being in my house without my permission."

"Please, your honor, I'll tell all I know, if you'll let me off," the prisoner pleaded.

"Hush, prisoner; you can have all the time you want after I have heard the evidence against you."

"Let me speak. I'll tell all."

"Not now."

"But they don't know all."

"After the witnesses have spoken you can say what

you like. Hosea, come right here, and answer my questions:

"What is your name?"

"Squire Lenton, you are pokin' fun at me; you've knowed me all my life."

"I must ask and you must answer; what is your second name?"

"Some say it is Simpkins."

"Isn't it?"

"I dunno; I was too young when I was born to remember."

"But your father's name was Simpkins?"

"Was it? I guess you know more about my father than I do; but as you say it was Simpkins, I guess you're right."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno."

Squire Lenton was very precise; he would not swerve one jot away from what he believed to be the established rules of evidence.

"Do you know what an oath is?"

"I guess so."

"Well, what is it?"

"Wouldn't you like me to tell? Why, only last Sunday, Bill Johnson was ducked in the pond for using an oath. I guess I'm not goin' to be ducked."

"That is not what I mean."

"Glad it ain't."

"You kiss the Bible and swear that you will speak the truth, and if you did not speak the truth where would you go to?"

"England, squire; that's what the dominie said at meetin'."

"No, no, I mean after you die?"

Before Hosea could answer this last question, the clergyman whispered to the magistrate and Hosea was excused from answering it.

"You will speak the truth, Hosea, won't you?"

"I allus do; it's them men as goes to England an' tells the king a pack of lies about us that don't speak the truth."

"Now tell me what is truth?"

"That King George ought to clap those fellows in a dungeon——"

It was hopeless trying to get answers to these abstract questions, and after a short discussion of the matter it was agreed to allow the boy to tell his story in his own way.

"Hosea, tell us what you know of this matter."

"It was this way: I was a-walkin' along quite quietly when I heard a lanky sort of a man talkin' about gettin' young Ted, there, an' pumpin' him as to what he knew about the Boys of Liberty.

"Says I to myself, 'Hosea, my boy, that is summat you ought to listen to.' So I senaks up an' gets quite close to the chap, when I saw it was my Noll's Hole friend."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't you know? Then you ought, for it was funnier than a funeral, so it was. You should have seen the chap all drest in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes flounderin' about in Noll's Hole. I laughed till my sides ached."

"Never mind that story. You say you heard Master Beverley——"

"I guess that's what he's called, but I ain't a bit certain."

"That Master Beverley wanted to kidnap this boy," pointing to Ted Billington, "and to take him away?"

"Yes."

"And what then?"

"I follied him about like a dog, an' it was purty hard at times, but I did it; yes I did. An' I found out all their plans. I've got long ears—all the boys says so—an' I want to know where Master Billington an' his boys 'ud be now if I had short ears like the rest of you? But 'cause I'm dotty, as they say, they wouldn't take any notice at first. But I said, please, Master Billington, do it just to make me feel happy."

"Do what?"

"Why, trap 'em. I knew that one of 'em was to climb up to the window an' choke Ted, while another was to sneak past an' open the door, so that the youngker could be carried out that way. So I just squats under the window, while Ted slipped down an' opened the door.

"It was just light enough to see that one man was

holdin' the ladder while two climbed up. I thought first I'd throw the ladder down, but that 'ud have made a noise, so I waited, and up comes one chap and steps in quite lively like.

"He went out livelier, for I got him round the legs an' afore he could say 'King George,' I had flung him on the head of the other chap, an' down they both went, landing on the chap at the bottom.

"You'd have busted with laughin' had you been there. It was as good as a show, an' livelier than the dominie's preachin' to see how they all went down.

"That's all, an' as I am dotty, I am of no account; but I wanted to save my friends an' I did so all right."

"Prisoner, what have you to say?" the magistrate asked.

"I was paid to do it. Master Beverley wanted to catch Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and he thought if he could get one of Farmer Billington's boys, the job would be easy."

"So you broke into this man's house, and tried to kill him, for the sake of a few shillings?"

"I didn't think it wrong."

"Why?"

"Because the governor says that rebels ought to be run out of the country."

"And you thought this young boy was a rebel—to whom?"

"Ask Master Beverley that; I only did as he told me."

"Master Beverley will not come forward to save your neck. His own is in danger if he is caught, and I rather think he will be, and then you will both hang together."

"I'll be there to see the show," Hosea cried out, and then pushing his way up to the end of the table, he said:

"Dominie, last Sunday you said that the devil had a good sharp pitchfork for toastin' sinners. Do you think it will be sharp enough to stick in Master Beverley?"

"Silence! you do not know what you are talking about."

"I'm a natural, that's a fact; but I'd like to know about the pitchfork."

The prisoner was committed to the county lockup to

await trial on the charge of attempted murder and kidnaping, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Robert Beverley.

Farmer Billington took hold of Hosea, and in a tearful voice told him that his house should be the boy's home as long as he liked.

CHAPTER XI.

LOYALIST AND REBEL.

It was Sunday morning, the day had been an unpleasant one, for a cold, biting wind had scurried through the streets of old Boston, and as though that was not enough to make the day uncomfortable, a succession of short but heavy rain showers had been added.

Most of the people had stayed indoors, not even attending the services at the churches.

Gerald Bailey, lieutenant in the English army—young, impulsive and liberty-loving—was seated before the fireplace, in which blazed some big logs.

His thoughts were a strange mixture, for at times they raised him to the seventh heaven of joy and then sent him whirling down to the lowest depths of despairing earth.

He was off duty that day, and almost regretted it, for duty would have kept him from the thraldom of his own thoughts. He wished he could call on Mistress

Fowler, but he did not wish to outgrow his welcome and so stayed away.

He watched the blazing logs, and in the flames he saw many visions—some bright, some the very reverse.

Deeply absorbed in his thoughts, he did not hear a gentle knock on his door. It was repeated, and he jumped up, half startled.

"Come in!"

"How can I when the door is barred?"

"I had forgotten."

The bar was removed and the door opened, when in stepped Paul Revere.

"I don't wonder you bar your door. The cold outside ought to be locked out."

"I am so glad you came, but what wind blew you here?"

"That book-plate design, for one thing."

"On a Sunday evening? I thought that you people were too good to talk business on a Sunday."

"Art is one thing, business is another. I think my

poor design has some art in it. I did not come to talk business."

"You are an enigma."

"Am I? You were at Old South Church this morning—what for?"

"What do people go to church for?"

"My dear Bailey, that is an evasion. Some go to pray, others to see the fashions, some to gossip and others to intrigue—but what took you there?"

"What do you think?"

"I will be truthful, you went there to look into the eyes of a beautiful girl."

"And if I did?"

"Don't do it again. That girl is the one you intended the book plate for?"

"Yes."

"It is about her that I came to see you this evening."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I want you to be manly; I want you to maintain your honor——"

"Master Revere, you forget yourself."

"I do not. Humor me by listening. I am old enough

to be your father, and you have often said that you respect my opinions."

"I do."

"You think you love Theresa Fowler?"

"I do not think, I know I do; I adore her."

"It is for her sake that I speak; nay, do not misunderstand me. She has not spoken of you to me, neither have her parents. But I have known her from her babyhood, and she is very dear to me."

"What is this preamble to lead to?" asked Gerald, getting rather angry.

"Gerald Bailey, you are an officer in the king's army; it may be your duty to lead your men against the countrymen of Theresa Fowler; nay, I will surmise more—you might even find it your duty to shoot down her father——"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Amen to that! but the possibility exists."

"I do not think so. The people here are excited; they have some grievances, but they love their king and will never offer to fight against his army."

"You see through a glass darkly. I tell you, Bailey,

that your country, the country to which you are bound as a soldier, is going to force these colonies into revolt, and a mighty convulsion is near."

"Ha! ha! ha! How serious you are. I almost could imagine you talking to the Minute Men at that moment."

"Will you be serious for a few minutes. I tell you what I know. You may laugh at the Boys of Liberty, you may even sneer at citizen soldiers, but let me remind you that history has shown how people can become free and that lesson has been taught to us."

"Free? Why, Master Revere, you do not know England, or you would not speak as you do. There is not a freer nation on earth than England, and the colonies can be just as free if they will accept the conditions."

"In other words, we can be free if we will call slavery freedom. We can be at peace if we will consent to be taxed without representation? We can enjoy the liberty of slaves, the happiness of the miserable? Do you think that right?"

"You are dreaming, my dear Revere. In what way

has my country interfered with the liberties of the colonies?"

"What about the stamp act? About the tea tax? Or, if you wish to come to the present year, what do you think of the annulment of the charter of Massachusetts?"

"I think these things are wrong; but do not blame the king, he is anxious to give you all the freedom you want; it is his ministers who are to blame."

"But, according to the constitution of England, the king can get rid of his ministers at any time and choose new ones. Besides, how can we oppose the ministers without also opposing the king?"

"Get up a petition."

"We have done so, and they have not even been acknowledged. But that is not what I came to discuss. Believe me, Bailey, there will be war."

"No, no, Master Revere, not war. There may be rioting and even an attempt at rebellion, but no war."

"You may call it what you like, but when men like Samuel Adams and John Hancock and George Washington and scores of others are admitting that the peo-

ple may have to fight, I think we may call that fighting war."

"But what would you gain by war? Your country would be devastated, your sons killed, and then if you did manage to win, you would be no better off, for you could not govern yourselves."

"Why not? Have you any abler men in England than that same Adams on whose head your governor has placed a price? You do not know our people, but if you did you would say that with freedom they would create a nation which should rise to be greater than ancient Rome, grander than Great Britain could ever be. I weary you, but I see the explosion coming, and then there will be a barrier between your country and ours that will be insurmountable. Do you understand me?"

"You think that I should give up all thought of Mistress Theresa?"

"I think you should refrain from causing her pain."

"I would rather die than cause her one tremor of anguish."

"And yet you would lead her to care for you and

then next week or month shoot down her countrymen and even her father. Would not that cause her pain?"

"She would wish me to do my duty."

"That is true. She is a noble girl—but have you any right to wring her heart because your duty makes you her enemy?"

"You do exaggerate the trouble. Why, Revere, all your Minute Men, or Boys of Liberty, would never be able to cause a ripple on the surface of the water."

"That is your idea; it is not mine."

"Gov. Gage is fortifying Boston."

"What for, if the Minute Men are not going to fight?"

Bailey bit his lips, but did not answer the question. He continued:

"At most you have only some half dozen small and almost worthless cannon, and comparatively no guns or ammunition."

"We do not need any if we are not going to fight."

"It is foolish talking like this—we see things from a different point of view."

"We do, indeed. I have but one thing more to say

to you. A day will come when you will admit that Paul Revere was nearer right than you; a day when you will know that 'thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.' "

"I admire your enthusiasm, Master Revere, and I wish that it was shown for the mother country instead of——"

"My own native land? Is that generous, Bailey? Do you not think that a man owes his allegiance to the land of his birth?"

"Yes; but when that land is only an appanage of another——"

"Do not go further. I do not like to hear my country spoken of so slightingly. Let us drop this discussion and talk business. Do you still want that book plate?"

"Is it not done?"

"Yes, all but the engraving of a name on it, and I did not dare put that on until I had seen you."

"Mistress Fowler has promised to accept it, so do the very best work you can. It will mean much to me."

"Lieutenant, I believe you are honorable. I know

that you would not cause Mistress Fowler one heart-ache if you could help it, so think over what I have said, and pray Heaven that you may never be called upon to fight against her people."

"Amen, amen to that! Good-night, Revere. I am proud to know one honest man in this city of the New World."

As Revere left the house a cold blast of wind chilled the blood of the young officer and sent him back to his fire with considerable pleasure.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REV. EPHRAIM DUNSTAN.

Paul Revere, more accustomed to the sudden changes of the climate, did not notice the cold wind near as much as the young Englishman he had just left.

He walked hurriedly along towards his home, his hands, at times, clasped one in the other to keep them warm. His thoughts were of the coming menace to peace. He feared it might come at any moment.

His quick ears caught the sound of distress. He knew that a number of footpads had taken advantage of the disquiet to ply their nefarious calling under cover of patriotism, either on the English or Colonial side, whichever suited their purpose best.

Revere paused to listen and then quickened his steps and turned into Cornmarket Street.

"Unhand me, villain!"

A number of men were surrounding another, who seemed powerless to get away.

Revere did not wait to see who it was, but lowering his head, and putting his hands before him he forced his way through the crowd and reached the man who had called for help.

An old man was being bound hand and foot by the miscreants, who were evidently gloating over their capture.

"What means this outrage?" asked Revere.

"Outrage? Why, good sir, this is a rebel. He is one of John Hancock's men."

"What of that? Where is your authority for his arrest?"

"Who are you, to ask such a question?"

"Who am I? I will tell you, and will show you my authority. I am a special agent of the General Council."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! It is Paul Revere, the rebel!"

"I am Paul Revere. What is there in that fact to make you laugh?"

"Great good luck. We will have two rebels to duck in the pond instead of one."

Revere knew that he had to do with a lawless band which had no respect for anything but physical force.

"So you would arrest me, would you?"

"Indeed, and thou speakest like a book."

"Come on, then; let the bravest man among you seize me."

No one stirred. That was something new. A man daring to invite arrest.

Big burly Sam, the blacksmith, a man who could throw the best wrestler in Boston, pushed his way through to where Revere was standing, his arms across his breast.

He stood in front of Revere, and a perceptible sneer was audible.

Quicker than any description could be given, Revere had seized the blacksmith and swung him round, then snatching hold of his arms he pinioned him and held him, while he landed a few well-merited kicks on his person. The big bully called out for mercy, but Revere knew that a good lesson was needed, and he took no notice.

When he thought he had inflicted punishment enough, he threw the man into the crowd, saying:

"He is one of your friends, look after him."

One of the miscreants had crept up behind Revere, and was just in the act of seizing him round the waist when Revere turned and picking the man up shook him just as a terrier would a rat.

No one seemed to know that the engraver possessed such strength, or that he knew so well how to use it; but he was getting exhausted and realized that in a few minutes, unless assistance came, he would be overpowered and bound like the old man he had come to befriend.

He struck out right and left, and more than one fell beneath his heavy blows. He did not escape punishment, but he was too excited to notice when any blow landed on his person.

"What meaneth this brawling on a holy Sunday?" exclaimed a clergyman, who appeared on the scene at that moment.

Hastily he took the whole scene in at a glance, and

in a tone loud enough to be heard by the rioters, continued:

"My religion teaches me that the Sabbath is holy, and that fighting is unholy. I must not fight, but I can help a brother in distress."

He looked at the crowd, which had been temporarily diverted by his speech, and saw that to push himself through would be difficult.

He caught one of the outsiders by the neck and very calmly said:

"Brother, I'll not strike thee, but it will be better for thee to lie down there till thou are wanted."

His hands had encircled the man's throat, and as he finished speaking, he threw the man to the side of the street as easily as one could a small article.

"Friend, thy ears are too big for thee," he said, as he almost wrenched a man's ears from his head, making him scream out with pain.

Not waiting for any reply, he caught another under his arm and very neatly laid him down, but with such force that the man's bones seemed to be crushed.

Revere had gained a little breathing space and he

now began to strike out, and by the time the clergyman had reached him most of the rioters were sprawling on the ground.

"Verily, the ungodly are abroad," said the dominie, as he stood by Revere's side, and helped him cut the cords which bound the arms of the first victim.

"I thank you for your timely assistance."

"Don't thank me. You see, were I of the worldly kind, I might have helped thee fight, but I could only pull and push the wicked ones out of the way."

"I don't think it matters whether you call it fighting or not if the enemy is defeated, and I'm pretty certain one of your victims had a broken arm."

"From his fall? Well, it seemeth that the ground is rather hard. Did you see that one whose throat came somehow between my hands. Methought the death rattle had got in his throat before I was able to take my hands away."

"What is your name, dominie? I would like to inscribe it on my memory."

"My father bore the name of Dunstan, and they did

give me the name; nay, I was not asked if I liked it, of Ephraim. Will that satisfy thee, Master Revere?"

"You know me?"

"Verily, the children of light hath some knowledge, and thy good deeds are writ large in the records of liberty."

By this time the old man had revived and was able to give some account of himself.

"I was at the house of good Master Hancock, gentlemen, and after I had smoked a goodly pipe and had refreshed my inner man with some good wine, I set forth to reach my home.

"I had not gone far when I was accosted by some bad men, who asked me if I knew that Master John Hancock was an outlaw and that anyone killing him would be rewarded.

"I told them that Master Hancock was worth all the governors and kings that ever lived, when, do you believe it, gentlemen, they threw me down and began to beat me.

"What had I done? Had I not spoken the truth? Maybe the wine made me braver than usual, but I did

say to them that the Boys of Liberty would soon show them how much Master Hancock was worth."

"Do you live in the city?"

"Thou knowest Funnel Hall?"

"Every Boston boy and man knows that."

"As well ask if Funnel Hall is in Boston as to ask me if I live here."

"I know thee not, and yet I am fairly well acquainted with Boston people," said Revere.

"We shall know each other better, and, good gentlemen, you have saved my life. It is a poor one at best, but it is the only one I have, and yet I would crave your bounty still further."

"Shall we see thee home?" asked the clergyman.

"That is what I was about to ask thee."

"Where dost thou live?"

"Take me to Funnel Hall and my dwelling will not be far off."

"May we know your name?" Revere asked.

"Good gentlemen, names are of but little value. Let a man's deeds be known and his name need never be mentioned."

"You object then to tell us how you are known?"

"Didst see the proclamation which the town crier did nail up on the Province House?"

"What proclamation?"

"It had on the top 'George Rex,' and lower down it did contain the names of Samuel Adams and John Hancock, three names on one piece of paper, and methought me that though George was Rex—that means king—his name was not worth much, and then when I saw the other two names and did read that the governor made them outlaws I laughed."

"Laughed?"

"Yes, laughed at the folly of George Rex, for everyone who read that proclamation said that Adams and Hancock must be great men or they would not be declared outlaws."

"I do not understand why you have told us this when we merely asked your name."

"Only, good gentlemen, because a man need not have his name known until it becomes a terror to the bad and an incentive to the good. Let me win, by deeds,

the renown of a Hancock and my name will be mentioned by George Rex."

A dark-looking building loomed up before them, and the strange and eccentric man pointed to it, and with a reverential manner said:

"Funnel Hall, the cradle of liberty, the home of the oppressed. Gentlemen, we shall meet again; until then may thy dreams be worthy."

The man disappeared. He did not sink into the ground, or vanish into thin air, but merely entered one of the many alleyways which led off the street opposite Faneuil Hall, but he made his exit so quickly that it was hard to believe he had not been spirited away.

"What we have seen to-night, Master Revere, is significant."

"Of what?"

"It is the lighting of the fuse which will explode the mine."

"Thinkest thou so?" Revere asked, falling into the idiom of the clergyman.

"Yea, verily. The governor wants to goad the people into rebellion before they are ready so that he might

shoot them down like dogs. I saw it coming and went to warn good Master Fowler."

"Is he in danger?"

"Thou need'st not ask; verily, I shall not be surprised to hear that he hath been taken or his household gods destroyed."

"To-night?"

"Nay, not when it is expected; but I have warned him and hath advised him to send his loved ones out of the city."

"Send Mistress Fowler and Mistress Theresa away! Is it as bad as that?"

"It is worse than we can guess. Knowest thou a place where thy Sons of Liberty could protect them?"

"Master Billington hath room at his farm, and he would protect them with his life."

"I thank thee for the word; Master Fowler shall know of thy promise. Good-night, Master Revere, let not the dungeon claim thee; thy work is not done."

"Come home with me, dominie, and share my supper and home this night, and in friendly discourse we may spend an hour with profit to our cause."

"My soul singeth out with glad anthems at that, for I shall accept thy hospitality with pleasure. The night is not one to make a night in the streets pleasant."

"Wouldst thou not have gone home?"

"To Salem? Nay, the walk is too long for my weary legs, and the king's money is not plentiful in the pocket of a preacher of the truth."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DOMINIE'S STORY.

Ephraim Dunstan did not go home to Salem even on Monday; he had work to do, and there were those who needed his services.

After an early breakfast he proceeded to the house of Master Fowler, and impressed upon him the necessity of removing his family from the city and insuring them the protection of the Boys of Liberty.

Master Fowler was one of the stubborn kind not given to fear, but when he heard the story which the eccentric dominie had to tell, he thought that it would be very advisable for his loved wife and daughter to be removed from threatening danger. As for himself, he declared, he would stay and fight it out, no matter what the risk.

"You said that Master Revere had to defend himself last night?" Fowler asked, for the third time, this time

so that the loved ones might hear the danger to which they were exposed.

"Ay, verily; and it is a miracle that he is alive to tell the story to his friends.

"He asked me to stay at his home last night and promised me a good feather bed on which to rest my weary bones; but, there I find fault with him, for never a bed have I seen, at least not to lie on."

"You did not go to bed last night?" asked Mistress Fowler.

"No, madam, and yet I am not tired."

"And what, pray you, kept you up all night? if I am not asking that which you ought not to tell? I know that nothing unfit for female ears would be the cause, for your calling, reverend sir, forbids such thought."

"And yet, madam, it is possible that I did that which should unfrock me; but I will tell thee the story and, maybe, it will show thee in what perilous times we are living.

"This wine is good, Mistress Fowler, and thy good husband tells me that it is of your own making."

"Yes, indeed; we drink no foreign stuff."

"Not even tea," Theresa interposed.

"But that is treason; at least so the governor says. But let me my tale unfold. I entered the house of good Master Revere and straightway we began to talk."

"I warrant thee Master Revere could talk a mule silly," said Fowler, rather ungenerously.

"Nay, nay, Master Fowler; but I guess we could each do our share.

"But, as I was saying, we commenced to talk, and the subjects were diverse. Revere was full of his art and, beshrew me, but he can turn out finer engraving and printing than any man in this colony.

"From engraving we turned to the troubled times in which we live, and then Master Revere grew eloquent. It did my heart good to hear his story of how he had carried the news of the Tea Party to Philadelphia, and how he was greeted by Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, great men all of them, Master Fowler."

"Our country hath need of great men."

"I am pleased to hear thee say 'our country,' and

not our colony. I think, and I ought to whisper it, that a day is coming when the colonies, thirteen there are, will join together in a congress and be one country. That is a digression, and I must not weary the ladies, Heaven bless them! Why, sir, what should we be without the ladies? They fill our churches, they illumine our homes and they—they—they make our homes like heaven.

"To return to our mutton, as my friend, Monsieur de Lisle, would say, Master Revere was telling me of the great numbers that had joined the Boys of Liberty and the good work they were doing in the way of drill and marksmanship when he suddenly stopped and caught me by the arm.

" 'Did you hear anything?' he asked.

" 'No,' said I, but quickly retracted and exclaimed, almost loudly, 'Now I do!'

"I did not know whether it was a cat scratching at the door or what it could be, but Master Revere's face grew pale and he said:

" 'I am going to get my gun.'

"Before I could reply a voice was heard shouting:

"'Open the door.'

"'Who are you?' Revere asked.

"'In the king's name open the door.'

"Revere laughed and retorted that if the king would come himself the door should be opened, but that as it was late he would not open to anyone else.

"A stone was thrown through the window, and it nearly struck me. I am afraid I forgot that I was a minister of the gospel of peace, for I said that I would like to throw it back again if I were sure of hitting the one who first threw it.

"Another stone followed the first, and then there came such a battering at the door that I expected to find the hinges give way any moment.

"We stood looking at each other and wondered what was best to be done. Revere was as calm as a statue, but I was hot all over, and then as cold as a milestone on a winter's night. Presently he said: 'Can you use a sword?' 'I'll try,' I answered, and then he said that it would only make an alarm if we fired and that we might be accused of rioting, such is the miserable state of affairs in Boston. 'We must wait until the door

gives way and then use our swords,' he told me, as calmly as though he was talking of carving a good fat turkey.

" 'Whatever you say is all right,' I answered, though I felt my knees getting so weak that I did not know whether I could stand if I moved away from the wall against which I was leaning.

"I was afraid; yes, I admit it; but if I had been offered a chance to get away I should not have gone, for, despise me as I know you must, I was really too much afraid to run or try to escape.

"I think I should have stood by that wall until I was beaten to death had not a stone thrown through the window just missed my head by a hair's breadth, and made a hole in the wall.

"That made me too much afraid to stand there, and I ran upstairs so fast that Revere thought I was the bravest man he had ever known, but it was cowardice and fear, nothing else.

"We had just reached the top of the stairs when the door was burst open and a mob of six or seven rushed in. At the time I thought there were at least a hun-

dred, but then fear had made me see one man a dozen times.

"'What do you want?' Revere asked.

"'You,' said the ringleader.

"'What for?'

"'You are Paul Revere, a rebel.'

"'Is that so? Well, what then?'

"'Are you going to surrender?' the man asked.

"'To lawful authority, yes; to you, no, no, no!' he shouted, the last two words so loudly that I verily believe they made the bell in the Old North Church belfry resound with the vibration.

"'Then we will take you.'

"'Your lives be in your own hands,' he said, and then I thought I ought to pour oil on the troubled waters and I said: 'Brethren, we are men of peace, and want to respect lawful authority,' but that was all I could say, for one of the men, an awful brawler he was, shouted: 'Shut up, old baldhead.' Now, my friends, I cannot help my head being free from hair. I wish I could, for it is often a source of discomfort to me; but it hurt me to be called 'old baldhead,' so the old Adam

that is in me came out, and without thinking I picked up a small stool which was at my feet and I flung it at the man, and, would you believe me, it actually hit him and he fell.

"This was really remarkable, for I had never been able to hit anything at which I aimed before; but the old Adam nerved my arm and the stool went straight.

"The men then began to come upstairs. We did not want them, they were unwelcome guests, and I think we each resolved to do our best to keep them down.

"Revere had two swords in an upper room, but he was not able to get to them, so we had to use whatever weapons we had at hand.

"I picked up a chair, I did not think it heavy, but Master Revere was good enough to say that it needed a giant's strength to fight with it, and as I held it above my head I whispered to Revere, 'Go, get the swords; I will keep these fellows back.'

"I knew that only two could get up the stairs abreast, and my weapon was so big that if the two came within reach I could disable both at once.

"One of the enemy pressed me close, and I feared

he was getting so near me that I could not strike him, so—and pardon me, good dames—it was all the old Adam within me that made me do it. I raised my foot —it is not a small one by any means—and by some strange accident it came in contact with the rather ponderous stomach of the man, doubling him up in a very peculiar fashion. He missed his footing and rolled downstairs, knocking another of his friends down with him.

"By this time Master Revere had got his swords, and he wanted me to take one, but I was so afraid I might hurt a man—you know the very sight of blood sickens me—that I told him to use one and keep the other in reserve.

"Revere had scarcely time to put himself on guard before a man thrust at him. I could have felled the fellow, but I was never a spoil sport, so I left him to Revere, and contented myself by causing my chair to descend on the hard head of one who pressed me rather closely.

"The men fell back, I mean that in a military sense; really, they stepped down one step and we did likewise.

"One nasty, vicious little fellow, a mean-looking specimen of humanity, kept getting so near me that my chair would not touch him, and I was so hard pressed that if I had raised a foot I should have fallen. I was getting quite mad, to think he would not let me hit him, but I was madder than ever when I saw a bright, shining sword blade slip over his shoulder and nearly run me through.

"Then I saw the fellow's motive, and knew that he was only being used as a foil and that my true enemy was the man with the sword.

"I never stopped to think what I was doing, but all turned out well. I threw my chair with all the force I possessed at the man with the sword. The force of the effort caused me to fall forward, and three of us went down the stairs quicker than we had ever done before. I was on top, and, again I ask to be forgiven. I used my feet and my hands with such good effect that when I got off my two antagonists they both lay as still as dead mice.

"I was rather giddy, and for a few moments could not see. I felt something wet on my forehead, and

when I put up my hand I saw that my fingers were very red."

"You were wounded?" asked Mistress Fowler, while her daughter crossed the room and placed her hand on the dominie's shoulder.

"Nothing much, just a little piece taken off my bald head.

"I looked to see how my host was faring. He had given an excellent account of himself. I assure you, Master Fowler and good dames, that Master Revere can fight as well as he can engrave.

"He had laid two men low and the third was driven into a corner. You see he did not wish to kill unless he was compelled to do so. This last man defended himself with all the courage of a good man, which he was not, and of a marvelously good fencer. It was nip and tuck with them. And I did not know which was going to get the best of it. Do not misunderstand me, I was not going to let Paul Revere get hurt, but they were such good swordsmen that I watched them, gaining my breath as I did so.

"Once Master Revere's sword grazed the fellow's

cheek, making a scar by which he could be known again.

"Then I saw that the man's sword come out through Master Revere's coat, and I feared he was wounded.

"Revere tried another tack. He turned his sword and struck the fellow such a blow with its side that he sank to the floor like a log, and Master Revere, turning to me, said, quite natural like: 'I think we shall both be thirsty by the time we have had a wash.'

"In a few minutes the house was rid of its unwelcome visitors, and we amused ourselves by boarding up the broken windows and door.

" 'I am of opinion that some good mulled ale would be of use just now,' Revere suggested; but I was so warm that I thought cold ale would be preferable, and very soon we were enjoying a goodly draught.

"Before we were able to get our inner man refreshed the watchman was calling out:

" 'Five o'clock, and a fine morning.'

"Paul Revere called the watchman in and told him of the fun we had been having, and said that he was afraid some of the men were rather badly hurt. The

watchman replied that he would have been better pleased if he had been able to call assistance to carry the dead bodies of the rioters to the deadhouse. I said that was very unchristian, and he replied that he was not concerned about that, but what did trouble him was that they would see the governor and pour into his ears a terrible charge against Paul Revere, and, he added, 'and against you, reverend dominie.'

"We talked over the course to pursue, and Master Revere urged me to come to you and see you safely on the way to Farmer Billington's house before the governor has time to act. For my friend, Revere, says that he fears the city will be proclaimed under martial law and no one allowed to leave it. That, good dames, is why I have not slept in that good feather bed Master Revere promised."

"You are a brave and a good man," said Theresa, kissing the clergyman's forehead.

"I would like to pass another such night if I were sure of a kiss like that in the morning," he replied, very gallantly.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE ROAD TO THE FARM.

The attack on the house of Paul Revere was only one of a series which, while they may not have been authorized by Gov. Gage, were certainly winked at.

The object was quite evident. Let the people be goaded into rioting and there would be an excuse for proclaiming martial law and placing Boston entirely in the hands of the British forces.

As we are writing history and not mere fiction, as the object of these stories is to give our young people knowledge, imparted in a pleasing manner, it is necessary that facts should be stated and the inception of the great revolution clearly pointed out.

The Rev. Ephraim Dunstan was as earnest a Christian as ever lived, and no one could doubt his spirituality, but he was a man and could defend himself in his own way very effectually.

Paul Revere could not have selected a better man to escort the two ladies to Farmer Billington's house.

Mr. Fowler remained in the city, for had he accompanied his wife and daughter suspicion might have been aroused and the party interfered with.

Mistress Fowler and her daughter occupied the seat in the old carriage which had done duty in the Fowler family for three generations, while the clergyman sat with the coachman on the box.

The coachman, an old retainer of the Fowler family, was an eccentric fellow and every one loved to draw him out.

The city had scarcely been left behind before the dominie asked his companion:

"Are you a Boy of Liberty?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I couldn't run fast enough."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Only this, sir, if there was any fighting to be done, I should——"

"Stand your ground."

"No, sir, I should run, just as fast as my poor old legs would move."

"That is not very creditable to your courage."

"Fighting isn't my profession, my line is driving."

"But if you ran you would be called a coward."

"That may be, sir."

"And then your reputation would be gone."

"I could do without reputation better than without life, sir."

"You consider your life of more value than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sir."

"Your life must be very valuable," the clergyman suggested.

"It is; I value it more than all the world, more than all the money England has got, for what use would the money be if I had no breath in my body?"

"Have you never thought that other men who love their lives think it their duty to fight for liberty?"

"Other men place a different value on their lives; mine isn't in the market."

"Not in the market?"

"No, sir, I'm like my missus' old turkey."

"How's that?"

"You see, a man came along last year and wanted to buy an old turkey. He had set his eyes on it, and meant to have it, but my missus said it wasn't for sale. He offered a heap sight more money than it was worth, if you go by size and age, but the answer came all the time, 'It is not for sale.' Then the man said that as we were poor folks it would be better to sell the turkey than to have it die before Christmas of old age. 'Not for sale,' said my missus, and to that she stuck, and the old turkey is alive yet."

"Is it for sale now?"

"No. If she had sold it where would it have been now?"

"I do not know."

"It would have been forgotten long ago, but it would have helped to make a Tory a bit fatter, and I don't sell to Tories."

"So you feel the same about your life?"

"Yes, I am going to keep it as long as I can."

"But if there is fighting and you lost your life you

would have the satisfaction of knowing that you had died for your country."

"A heap of satisfaction that would be when the power of feeling was gone."

"I am afraid that if all were like you there would be no such thing as liberty."

"That's where you make the big mistake, excuse me for saying so to you."

"In what way?"

"If all were like me there would be no soldiers, and therefore, no fighting; so you see it is because all are not like me that there is wrongdoing."

"But don't you think that a good government ought to be supported and a bad one overthrown?"

"I don't care for no government, for no government could give me back my life if I lost it."

"One more question: Do you think you would be missed if you were to die?"

"Maybe not much, but I'd miss myself and that's the main point, and the old woman would miss me just as she would that pet turkey she wouldn't sell."

"Then you would not fight under any circumstances?"

"I don't think so. Here, dominie, hold the lines a bit, will you?"

"Certainly, what ails you?"

"Just you drive like mad if I don't come back soon."

"But——"

"Do as I say," the man shouted, as he plunged into a rather dense wood which skirted the road on one side.

The Rev. Ephraim Dunstan turned round and spoke to the ladies and asked them if they had any idea what had come over the coachman.

They could not conjecture, and before any theory could be satisfactorily agreed upon the man was seen pushing his way through the wood, tearing himself on the brambles and acting in the most unaccountable fashion.

He took the lines and laid his whip heavily on the horses, a thing he never did, and which made the spirited horses jump with surprise.

To their bewilderment he continued to lash the

horses until Mistress Theresa called out to him to stop.

"I guess we can tame down a bit now," he said, as he allowed the horses to slow down to a more temperate pace.

"What was the matter with you?" the clergyman asked.

"I guessed that a man was skulking along in the woods and I guessed he might be watching us."

"Well?"

"He was."

"How do you know?"

"He told me."

"Smith, you have something on your mind; out with it."

"It's a mere nothing."

"Who was the man?"

"One of those who attacked Master Revere's house."

"Oh!"

"Yes, and I did not want him to know where we were going."

"Had you seen him long?"

"Half an hour or so."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"It was my business."

"Tell me all about it or I shall think you are in league with him."

"Don't say that."

"Tell me then."

"I'm a bit ashamed of myself, but if you want to know I'll tell you."

"Do so."

"I had been watching the man skulking along, and I was very suspicious, but when he got to that opening I saw his face and then I knew what he was after."

"And you tackled him in the wood?"

"If you like to put it that way. I asked him why he didn't walk on the road like any other Christian, and he told me to mind my own business."

"And then?"

"I told him that I would have an answer from him, or I'd make him regret ever being born."

"Yes?"

The clergyman smiled as he listened to this peace-

loving coachman telling how he had threatened a man in that decisive manner.

"He gave me a push and nearly knocked me over."

"What did you do?"

"What any man would, I gave him two for every one he gave me."

"Yes, and who got the best of it?"

"Am I not here?"

"Did he run back?"

"No, that he didn't. He won't be able to walk for a day or two, for he fell and hurt his foot, and then I thought he might crawl away where he would not be seen so I tied him to a tree and he's there yet."

"He may die."

"No, he won't. The devil, asking your reverence's pardon, is good to his own. He said that he was being followed by others and they will find him."

"And you professed to be a man of peace."

"So I am."

"How do you make that out?"

"If I hadn't tackled him and rendered him useless,

he would have found out where we had gone and several might have been killed."

"I wish all our people loved peace like you do."

"I don't like fighting, but it was for young mistress there, bless her heart! I would do anything for her."

In half an hour the farmhouse was reached and Farmer Billington and his family were on the porch to welcome the ladies and their escort.

Smith took the horses round to the barn and was soon quite at home in the quarters devoted to the help.

CHAPTER XV.

GERALD BAILEY AND THE GOVERNOR.

Gen. and Gov. Gage had his spies everywhere and knew of the movement being made by the Boys of Liberty or Minute men. He knew that large numbers were enrolled, disciplined and drilled. He was cognizant of the fact that many men had subscribed to purchase arms and ammunition, but he never thought that anything more than a small insurrection would be the result.

He, however, adopted a course of preparation and prevention by fortifying himself in Boston, and by carefully anticipating the intentions of the colonists in their attempts to form magazines.

To fortify Boston was an easy matter, for surrounded by broad and deep waters on three sides, and possessing hills which were not commanded by any adjacent eminence, the peninsula could be made impreg-

nable on the land side, and equally so on the water side by means of the fleet.

A few batteries were thrown up on the hills, some of which were intended to control the city quite as much as to repel an enemy from without, and lines were drawn across the neck which communicated with the mainland.

There was no intervention with business, and people were allowed to communicate with the country without interruption.

There was, however, a general stagnation of trade, and many families preferred living outside the city, for the constant marching and countermarching of soldiers, the incessant roll of the drums, the trumpet calls and military pageants were not the best things possible for nerve quietness.

Gov. Gage had a certain fear that many of his own officers, especially those of the younger set, sympathized with the colonists, and he knew that many of them belonged to families which, in England, had openly declared the king's ministers to be in the wrong.

It was harder work dealing with disaffection in his own ranks than with insurrection without.

Robert Beverley had made himself useful to the governor in many ways, and as he was an American he had opportunities of finding out the errors and weaknesses of both sides. He was supplied with money by the loyalists, and his time was devoted to spying, and, what was worse, stirring up little riots so that the governor might have an excuse for harsh measures.

The theory on which the governor worked was that if the people could be induced to show their strength prematurely they would be easily crushed.

Beverley hoped for a large reward for his services, and it is quite possible that he was also actuated by good intent, for many really good men thought that the English king had a perfect right to impose taxes and obnoxious laws on the people of the colonies.

Among those Beverley wanted to especially crush were Paul Revere and Lieut. Bailey, the latter because he was a frequent visitor at the Fowlers, and as we know, the Tory had designs there himself.

Every opportunity was seized upon to poison the

mind of the governor against these persons, and at last he had so far succeeded that the young lieutenant was sent for to the official residence.

Gerald Bailey entered the gubernatorial presence without any misgivings; he had done nothing wrong, and the governor was, in a measure, a kind of guardian, being a distant relative.

"Good-day, governor; I heard you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, Gerald, my boy, I am not quite pleased with you."

"Not pleased?"

"No; you are spending money rather too freely."

"Ha! ha! ha! Is that the sum total of my crime? Why, my dear sir, I have not exceeded my pay, let alone my allowance from home."

"You mean you have lived within your pay?"

"Yes."

"Good; I had heard that you were entertaining extravagantly."

"Whoever told you that must have either been

pleased he was not invited to my so-called entertainments or jealous, I do not know which."

"Why pleased at not being invited?"

"Because the fare has been so meager."

"I hear you visit the family of the Fowlers quite frequently?"

"Is that wrong?"

"In these troublous times we have to be careful."

"Master Fowler is a member of the General Council."

"Which has been dissolved because of the treasonable acts of which it was guilty."

"But Master Fowler is loyal."

"Is he? I am glad of that assurance."

"Has anyone said differently?"

"That I decline to answer, but if he is loyal his daughter is not."

"His daughter, sir, is——"

"A very dangerous enemy of the king."

"His daughter, sir, is the most lovely and lovable girl in the whole city."

"It is true, then, what I hear."

"I do not know what you have heard."

"Only that it is the daughter and not the father you go to see."

"And is that wrong?"

"In the present state of affairs it is."

"Why?"

"She has been openly heard to say that the king has tried to oppress the colonies."

"In that I agree with her."

"You?"

"Yes, I, Gerald Bailey, say that the king has not only tried but has succeeded in oppressing the colonies of America."

"And you wear his majesty's uniform."

"England does not control my mind, I think for myself."

"A very dangerous thing to do. I heard that only a few days since you gave the young lady a valuable engraving and the plate——"

"A book plate."

"Engraved by a notorious rebel."

"A mighty clever artist and engraver."

"And I hear also that you have gone at times to his house to talk with him."

"Quite true, my dear governor."

"You treat it very lightly."

"Why should I not?"

"Because of your duty. Have I not ordered that no loyal person should have dealings with rebels?"

"That was what the late lamented King James said and ordered, but James was sent into exile and William became king, then who were the rebels?"

"You should accept the conditions as you find them and not argue."

"I am not constituted that way."

"Gerald, I promised your father that I would look after you, and that your welfare should be my constant thought."

"And you have fulfilled your promise, sir."

"Then I want you to promise that you will have nothing more to do with suspected persons."

"I do not understand you."

"In plain English, I want your promise that you will never again speak to any member of the Fowler family nor to Paul Revere."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then you will incur my displeasure."

"Then I am afraid, sir, that I shall incur it."

"You refuse to promise?"

"I do."

"Then I command."

"And I shall refuse to obey such a command. Listen to me, governor, it is my right to be heard. I am an officer in the king's army and will never do anything to disgrace the cloth, but no one has a right to control my friendships or to command me to give up my friends."

"You defy me?"

"If you like to put it so."

"I could order you court-martialed for this."

"Do so, sir, if you are so minded; but do not misunderstand me, I will defend his majesty, I will fight his

enemies, I will give my life to defend his territory, but my thoughts are my own and I shall choose my friends, even if they are not as loyal as you would like."

"Take care, you may go too far."

"No, sir, I shall not go too far. I am a loyal Englishman and my sword shall prove my loyalty if the occasion arises, but I am not called upon to make war upon young ladies or good artists, who are only engaged in the pursuits of their trade."

"This artist, as you call him, is engaged in drilling men who are called the Boys of Liberty or some such outlandish title."

"Is that wrong, sir?"

"Of course it is. What right have these country bumpkins to have guns and learn military drill?"

"The bill of rights, governor, gave every subject of the king the right to carry arms."

"You are impertinent. Go back to your regiment, and I will see that a good dose of garrison duty tames you a bit."

"You withdraw your permission for my residence in civilian quarters?"

"Yes."

"All right, sir. I am too good a soldier to question that order, it shall be obeyed to the letter."

"I am sorry to do it, but it is to save you from the consequences of your own folly."

"A soldier should never ask his superior for reasons, governor. Have you any other orders?"

"No."

"Then I am at liberty to withdraw?"

"You are."

"Good-day, governor."

"Good-day."

It was the first time Gov. Gage had spoken unkindly to young Bailey, and the wound which his words and cold manner had made would be a long time healing.

"I do not think I was wrong," Bailey said to himself, as he walked to his lodgings, which must now be vacated. "I am a free man, and have a right to my own thoughts. Strange that Master Revere should have talked to me almost in the same way. Can I give up

my adored one? No, not even for the king, God bless him."

Through force of habit the very mention of the king, even to himself, caused him to salute, and he did not think it strange. He loved Theresa Fowler, and that love was to him paramount.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOSEA'S REVENGE.

Hosea Simpkins was in the city, sent there by Farmer Billington on an errand. He had fulfilled his mission successfully and was wondering what he should do with himself until it was time to return.

Hosea had come by the common carrier early in the morning and that worthy was not booked to return until after the market was over in the afternoon, but Timothy Neale, the carrier in question, had always so many persons to see after the market, and so many drinks to partake of before he could make the return journey that it was often late before he hitched up his old nag and blew his horn as a sign that he was ready to take packages or passengers to the nearby places or to Salem.

Hosea knew this peculiarity and so felt free to wander about the streets seeing all that was worth seeing.

The sun was sinking in the west and Hosea was tired, there was not near so much fun to be had as he imagined, when he suddenly brightened up and forgot all his tired feeling.

The cause of this transformation was to be found in the person of Robert Beverley, against whom the lad felt he had a grievance.

He forgot his appointment with Timothy Neale, and was utterly oblivious of the flight of time.

He followed Beverley as a cat will a mouse, watching for a chance to spring upon it.

The boy had no clearly defined ideas of what he should do, or in what way he could be revenged on the Tory; all he knew was that he was going to keep him in sight and hope for an opportunity to punish him.

Beverley entered a small two-story house, which was evidently untenanted by anyone save himself, for he opened the door with a key and carefully locked it on the other side.

In a few moments a light appeared, and Hosea knew that a candle had been lighted.

"If I could get in that house I might have some fun,"

the boy thought, but in what way he could enter he did not know.

There were no leaders or anything by which he could climb to the upper windows, and to enter the lower floor might expose him to a sword thrust.

The spirit of mischief had hold of him, and, as luck would have it, he found a piece of strong cord lying in the gutter. It did not require a minute's thought what to do with that cord, for he was back at the door and secured one end to an iron scraper, while the other end just reached a projection on the next door jamb, making the cord cross Beverley's doorway about three or four inches from the floor.

Then the boy waited, but soon got tired. He was afraid that some passer-by might notice the cord and unfasten it.

Creeping up to the door very quietly he raised the heavy iron knocker and let it fall. The noise sounded through the house and seemed to awaken the street, for some dogs began to bark and a general uproar might ensue.

Beverley hurried downstairs and opened the door, but no one was to be seen, for Hosea had moved away.

The door was closed and in a few minutes the boy knocked again, this time moving a little way down the street, where he might be seen, but far enough away to escape if pursued.

Beverley opened the door and saw Hosea with his finger to his nose making faces at him.

"You young imp, I'll teach——"

He got no further, for his foot caught in the cord and he lay sprawling in the gutter, which was not by any means clean.

The suddenness of the fall almost paralyzed him and Hosea slipped past him and into the house unperceived.

Hiding himself behind some curtains, the boy watched for the Tory to enter, and he almost cried out with joy when he saw the dirty clothes and the bleeding nose of the sprucely dressed Tory.

"I wish I could have got that young imp," he ejaculated, "I'd have taught him a lesson."

Hosea heard the words and trembled in his hiding place.

When Beverley went into the kitchen to wash his hands and stanch the bleeding of his nose, Hosea slipped upstairs and looked round for some other means of having fun.

There was only one room furnished, and Hosea found, to his great delight, that the window opened on to a roof over a back porch. That he hoped would give him a way of escape.

There was an iron pail in the room half filled with water, and this the boy managed to balance on the partly opened door. He had only just time to do this and get out of the window before Beverley ascended the stairs and opened the door.

What a splashing and crashing! What a volley of expletives came from that room! making Hosea tremble with fear on his porch roof.

Beverley was drenched, and the heavy iron pail had fallen on his head, causing him such a headache that he scarcely knew what to think or do.

When he recovered from his fright and pain he went to the window and looked out. Hosea was crouching close up to the wall and escaped notice. He heard Bev-

erley curse and swear, he heard him vow vengeance on the perpetrator of the unpleasant joke, and then, to his great joy, he heard Beverley mention a name as the probable guilty one.

Hosea dare not move. He longed to escape, but could not do so without attracting attention. He had to lie very still and wait an opportunity.

None came, for Beverley either through pain or weariness, had determined to go to bed and began to undress.

"Shall I have to stay here all night?" the boy wondered, and the answer came to his inner consciousness, "It looks like it."

An hour passed and Beverley was asleep. Hosea had found out that his best chance was to regain the room and pass through the front door, so he was waiting for the sleep to be sound enough to make the attempt safe.

Another hour passed, and the boy thought he might make the effort, but just at that moment he felt his hair begin to rise and stand on end, cold shivers passed down his back and he trembled from head to foot.

Coming towards him on the roof were two great balls of greenish fire, that became brighter each second.

He thought of all the stories he had heard of fiery dragons which devoured people at night, and he imagined his time had come. Then he remembered how the dominie had spoken of the devil going about like a roaring lion and he no longer thought of the dragon, for he was sure that what he saw was his satanic majesty.

He wondered whether he could hide from him, then a ray of hope flashed across his poor, feeble brain, and he thought perhaps it was the Tory who had been sent for. If that was the case what a tale he would have to tell Farmer Billington.

The balls of fire seemed to get larger and were certainly nearer before he realized that, after all, what had frightened him was a big black cat, whose fiery eyes had glared in the darkness like balls of fire.

Hosea was fond of cats and usually they were fond of him, making friends instinctively.

He put out his hand towards this one, but a vicious scratch rewarded his friendly greeting.

He tried all his arts to make friends with the cat but without avail.

An inspiration came to him.

He raised the window a few inches and listened. No sound showed that the sleeper had been disturbed, so the window was raised a little more.

The boy made a grab at the cat and almost unbalanced himself and came near falling into the next yard, but he managed to regain his equilibrium and quickly thrust the cat into the room, closing the window as noiselessly as possible.

Then he waited.

He did not know how long it was, but it seemed hours before there were any results.

"Who are you?"

"What do you want?"

These questions came from Beverley, but to whom they were addressed Hosea did not know.

"Get out of here—do you hear me?"

Beverley got out of bed and in another moment the boy heard steel striking the walls and floor. He knew that Beverley was fighting the cat with his sword.

The boy crawled to the window and tried to see the fun. It was too dark to see more than the cat's blazing eyes, but they shone out brightly and he could see that the cat was getting the best of it.

"Fight fair," Beverley shouted, still thinking that he had to deal with some human being.

"Fiend, imp of h—l, where did you come from?"

The cat had jumped on his shoulder and he had realized that it was an animal he had to deal with.

For some time the duel continued, and the cat seemed to be able to hold its own, but a sharp cry told that the sword had done its work and the cat was dead.

Beverley searched for his flint and tinder box, and after a long time managed to find it. A candle was lighted and Hosea was almost wild with joy to see the havoc the duel had caused.

Beverley had broken lots of things, and the cat had torn the bedclothes and Beverley's fine court suit. Blood was spattered about the floor and on the walls, and the boy thought his revenge was satisfied.

Beverley left the room and went downstairs; Hosea followed noiselessly and succeeded in reaching the one

furnished room downstairs where he again hid behind the curtains.

Watching his opportunity, he opened the door and was once more in the streets of Boston and on his way to the farmer's home, for he knew that he had to trust to "shank's pony" to get there.

As he was nearing the earthworks which had been thrown up on either side of the road he was challenged, for an order had been issued that day that no one should leave the city between sunset and sunrise without a permit.

Hosea had no permit and did not know how to pass, but his ready wit served him and he managed to soften the heart of the sentry and slip through.

CHAPTER XVII.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

Events moved rapidly in the colony of Massachusetts that year, and everywhere people talked of war.

Children played at the game of war and old men chatted of it as though it had already commenced.

The loyalists, those who could not break away from the principles of their early youth and who believed that the King of Great Britain ruled by divine right, laughed at the folly of the Minute Men and argued that nothing but rioting could possibly ensue.

There were others, men who lived only in the markets and who could not understand any other interest than that of money getting pooh-poohed the idea of any such thing as an insurrection, and they egotistically asked:

"What would become of business if there should be a rising?"

Outside these two classes the mass of the people were

talking of liberty as something worth fighting for, and they were not afraid of the consequences.

They knew that many lives would be lost, they realized that hundreds would be ruined, that houses would be burned and property destroyed by both sides, but they pressed their lips together and firmly resolved that liberty was worth any sacrifice. They openly said that they were willing to stake their all on the struggle and that "liberty or death" must be the watch cry.

Clergymen were divided, some still belonged to the Church of England, and could not understand how religion could exist without State control, but the many were with the colonists and in their pulpits preached the doctrine that:

"Resistance to tyrants is a duty to God."

The Puritans recalled all the battle cries of their ancestors who were with Cromwell in his fight against King Charles and on street corners could be found on early mornings the inscription:

"Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry," written by some mysterious person during the night who had managed to escape the vigilance of the watch.

Those who imagined that the only supporters of the war feeling were ignorant men, or even small farmers and mechanics, were greatly mistaken, for the leaders were men of brilliant education, men who were the equal of any of England's statesmen and who would be a credit to any assemblage of the world's scholars.

On the evening that saw Hosea Simpkins lying in wait to play practical jokes or wreak vengeance on the Tory, Robert Beverley, a number of men met at the house of a distinguished physician, Dr. Joseph Warren.

Dr. Warren was a graduate of Harvard, and one of Boston's most talented medical men. He had taken an active part in opposing Gage's scheme of fortifying the south entrance to Boston harbor, and was chairman of the committee to remonstrate with the governor.

The learned doctor sat at the head of the table in the large parlor of his residence and on his right hand the chair was occupied by William Prescott, of Pepperell, a man who had served as lieutenant and captain in the provincial army under Winslow in an expedition against Nova Scotia. Inheriting a large fortune, he

settled down as a farmer at Pepperell, but that did not prevent him sympathizing with the patriots.

On the left of the doctor sat James Percival, and near him a young man, scarcely more than a boy, but one whose ancestors had made a name which he was not going to tarnish, a name which for a hundred years had been a synonym of freedom.

James Percival had introduced him as "Winthrop Tempest, of Tempest Haven, whose ancestors fought Philip of Mount Hope to the death," and Dr. Warren had bade the youth a hearty welcome to the council.

Then lower down the table were Paul Revere and William Dawes and three others who were known as organizers of the Minute Men.

It was easy to see that the gathering was something more than a mere social one, the faces of those present were serious and

"From their eyes flashed souls that never pale."

"It seemeth that the governor is bent on forcing the issue," said Warren.

"He hopes to find us unprepared."

"What can be done?"

"There is but one thing to do, we must fight."

"We have but little ammunition," said one of the cautious ones.

"We must be the more careful not to waste any."

"We need lead."

"If we have powder we can make pieces of iron, old nails, chains, anything serve for bullets."

"What have we in the shape of artillery?"

"Six guns all told and two small coehorns."

"Are the guns any good?"

"They are old and nearly worn out."

It was not a pleasing outlook, but the faces of those present did not show the least fear of the result.

"Our trust must be in ourselves and our sacred cause," said Prescott, "not in our weapons."

"Is it not possible that the king, when he hears that we are opposing by force of arms, will grant our petition?" asked one.

"Before the king can hear of it we shall be either dead or on the road to victory."

Paul Revere had not taken much part in the discus-

sion. He had listened to every word and had waited to be asked his opinion.

"What ought to be our first move, Revere?" Dr. Warren asked.

"To save our arms and ammunition."

"Save?"

"Yes, I have heard this day the news that the governor hath serious thoughts of sending an army to seize all our ammunition stored at Concord."

"But the Provincial Congress hath voted to equip an army of twelve thousand men and the Congress hath more power than the governor."

"Not more power, Percival, but more right."

"Right then."

"But what will right avail if the governor wrongfully seizes our stores?"

"Friends," said one, who had not hitherto spoken, "Paul Revere is right. Our new army, our Boys of Liberty, ought to be called out for duty and sufficient number sent to the various places where our ammunition is stored to prevent seizure."

"We acknowledge the wisdom of your remarks,

Master Hancock, and would like to ask what is the spirit of the people through the colony?"

John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were supposed by the governor to be in hiding on account of his proclamation, were both moving about through the country encouraging the people and educating them in the principles of patriotism.

"Everywhere the people are ready to give their lives, and I am afraid many will have to do so in the cause of our colony. The king must be taught that he must be responsible for the acts of his ministers, and we can teach him. My only fear is the supply of ammunition. The people can be relied upon, but they must have something with which to fight."

After a deliberation which lasted well into the night, it was resolved that the Minute Men should be put on a war footing and that every place where ammunition was stored should be guarded.

"Three more vessels loaded with redcoats came into Boston harbor to-day," said Revere.

"Yes, and one vessel was not allowed to discharge its load."

"Why, Dawes?"

"It may be only a rumor, or it may be the truth, but I heard it from one of the seamen that some of the men, soldiers of the king, had declared that they would fight Indians but not white Christians, whose fathers had been Englishmen."

"Perhaps that is the truth," said another, "for I know a man who is on intimate terms with one of the men on duty at the governor's house, and he tells me that the governor was openly defied by a young lieutenant."

"Defied?"

"Yes; the governor ordered him to refrain from visiting one Master Revere and another merchant by the name of Fowler, and——"

"Yes?"

"The lieutenant said that he honored Master Revere too much to decline his friendship."

"Did you hear his name?" asked Revere.

"Bailey, of the Forty-seventh."

"Silly boy; he will get himself into trouble and do us no good."

"Do you not think he can be relied upon?"

"No," answered Revere; "he is weak and would fail when his service could be made effectual."

"You know him?"

"Well, he is true-hearted, but thoroughly English, and a great stickler for duty. His heart is with us, but believe me, if a fight comes he would let what he calls duty override all his true feelings."

"I have heard that many of the soldiers would reverse their guns when ordered to fire upon us," said Percival.

"You have heard wrong," answered Prescott. "English soldiers obey orders, and would shoot down their own kin if ordered to do so, though it would be torture to obey. The discipline is so perfect that the English soldier becomes merely a machine."

"You are right, Prescott," Dr. Warren assented, "I have seen the soldiers and know that we must not count on them."

"Take my advice," said Hancock, as the party broke up, "go one by one and in separate directions. The

less the enemy knows of our doings the safer we shall be."

How little did that gathering realize that never again would they all meet for discussion, that ere many days flew by some would be moldering in the grave, sent there by English bullets!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CURFEW LAW.

Though the instructions had been for the council to separate and each member go to his home alone, James Percival and Winthrop Tempest did not heed them, but left Warren's house arm in arm.

"I could wish that you had remained at Tempest Haven, Winthrop," said the elder man.

"How could I? Will not Boston be the center of the fight?"

"Yes, at least it will be in Boston where the war will begin. But who can tell where it will end?"

"You think that there will be a general war?"

"I am sure of it. Virginia is as determined as Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania will not be far behind."

"In that case our Boys of Liberty will be nowhere."

"Do not look at this matter from a local standpoint;

Virginia has as much right to freedom as our province."

"I know that, but I had hoped——"

"What?"

"That Massachusetts and Connecticut would become a nation——"

"A nation, boy?"

"Yes, Master Percival, I do not know how it is, but I could never reconcile my mind to the idea of being a province of Great Britain."

"You dream of independence, then?"

"Yes. Just think what a glorious thing it would be if the provinces should establish a new nation and govern themselves, without interference from any other nation."

"You talk like Thomas Jefferson."

"Who is he?"

"He is a learned man in Virginia—a lawyer, teacher and bookworm, a man given to deep thinking. I met him frequently when I was in Virginia, and many a talk we had together."

"And he talked of independence?"

"He is a dreamer; he has an idea that we ought to establish a new democracy based on the rights of man, and he actually thinks such a democracy would become the greatest nation in the world."

"I would like to know him."

"Better keep with practical people; dreamers never accomplish anything."

"Stand!"

The order was imperative, and was given by a soldier who was well armed.

"What now?" asked Percival.

"Know you not that no one is allowed to be out in the streets after curfew without a permit?"

"Curfew, curfew! What may that be?"

The soldier hesitated a minute, not knowing whether to answer or not, but as he was a very sensible man he replied:

"I know not what it is, but I do know that I am ordered to challenge anyone walking abroad after seven of the clock, and if they have no permit I am to take them to the guardhouse."

"Military law. I did not know that the city was

under it. But how can you, a single man, take two stalwart men unless they are willing to accompany you?"

"I am a soldier, and must obey orders."

"I have no permit. I did not know any was needed. We are both strangers in Boston, at least we have only just arrived."

"That may be true, but you have been here long enough to get a permit."

"What for?"

"For walking the streets at night."

"Is it too late to apply now?"

"Yes."

"Then we must stand perfectly still until the sun rises?"

"You must go to the guardhouse."

"We could not do that without walking the streets."

"You would be with me."

"Then we are all right so long as we are with you?"

"Yes."

"Good. Then we will remain with you, or at least

you shall remain with us until we reach the good house where we have engaged bed and board."

"I must not leave my beat, except to take you to the guardhouse."

"I think that can be managed. My friend will help to convince you."

Before the astonished soldier could realize his position, the patriots had linked their arms with his and he was made to walk in the middle.

"If you call out we shall have to gag you. If you go quietly no hurt will come, but when we arrive at the King's Head you shall have a good mug of hot posset, which will make the blood tingle in your veins."

"But my duty?"

"A soldier's duty is to obey orders, and you must obey ours."

"You are not my superior officer."

"I think I am. But never mind a little matter like that. You shall not suffer."

"I must give an alarm."

"You will do nothing of the kind. Report in the morning that Capt. Percival of his majesty's Fortieth Foot ordered you to escort him to the King's Head and all will be right."

A change came over the soldier. He was accustomed to obey, and if a captain ordered him he must perforce do as he was commanded. So he willingly walked between the two patriots to the well-known tavern which flaunted the sign of the King's Head.

Arrived there, the soldier was rewarded with a mug of hot posset strong with rum, which made him feel at peace with all mankind.

Seeing him safely off the premises, Percival returned to his young friend who was in a state of alarm.

"You will get into trouble," said Winthrop.

"I should if I stayed to meet it."

"Then we are to move?"

"At sunrise."

"You said that you were captain of one of his majesty's regiments?"

"I was. That is true enough, but the Fortieth Foot is in England now and I am here."

"I thought you had resigned your commission."

"Yes, you thought right, but a little harmless pleasantry is better than deportation to England."

"Where are we going in the morning?"

"You promised, Winthrop, that you would obey without question," Percival said, very solemnly.

"I am sorry that I broke my word."

"You need not be sorry; but I only reminded you of your promise. In the morning we move to Concord, for there the first blow will be struck."

"What makes you think so?"

"The patriots have more powder and ammunition stored there than anywhere else, and if that can be captured it will cripple us for some time."

"What was that noise?" Winthrop whispered.

"I did not hear anything."

Winthrop went down on his hands and knees and crawled over to the window. He listened silently for a time and then gradually raised himself up just in time

to throw open the window and seize a handful of hair, to which he held on tightly until Percival went to his assistance, and then between them they dragged into the room a poor, shivering specimen of humanity.

"What were you doing at my window?" Percival asked.

"Don't kill me an' I'll tell all."

"You had better tell all, and mind you every word must be true."

"I'm truthful Billy, I am, so I cannot tell a lie."

"I don't care what your name is, but I do want to know why you were listening at my window."

"It was Master Beverley that said he'd give me a shillin' if I'd climb up an' find out what you were talkin' about."

"Did you get the shilling?"

"No, master."

"Then I'm afraid you won't get it, for you'll stay here until to-morrow."

"Please let me go, an' I'll swear never to tell Master Beverley anythin'."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. You will stay here, and you can sleep on the floor."

"Please let me go."

"Where is Master Beverley?"

"Just round the corner waitin' for me."

"Was he watching you?"

"Yes."

"Then he is not round the corner now, for he must have seen you get into the room."

"Please let me go an' I'll tell you a secret."

"Tell the secret and no harm shall come to you."

"Not unless you let me go to get my shillin'."

"Is that all you want to go for?"

"Yes, master; honor bright."

"Tell me your secret and I'll give you two shillings."

"You will?"

"Yes, here they are."

Percival placed two silver shillings on the table, and the boy almost danced with eager joy.

"Are they mine?"

"Yes, if you tell your secret."

"Do you know Master Billington?"

"Yes, Billy."

"Well, the soldiers are goin' there soon to get the powder an' the farmer. He's to go to England, so he is."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Honor bright."

"When are the soldiers going?"

"To-night; they have started."

"Is that true?"

"I'm truthful Billy."

Percival quickly thought out a plan by which the farmer might be saved from arrest, or if that was too late then he must be rescued.

Revere had told him that a company of the Boys of Liberty was to drill that night and take a practice march across the country. If that company could be reached in time then the march could be to Billington's farm, and the Boys of Liberty would have a chance to distinguish themselves.

Winthrop was left to guard truthful Billy, while Percival risked another walk through the streets to warn Paul Revere.

"If I am in time all will be well," he said, as he left Winthrop, "and perhaps before morning the first shot for liberty will have been fired."

"And I shall not be there."

"Plenty of time, my boy. Blood will be shed like water, tears will fall like mist before the end comes."

CHAPTER XIX.

SAVED BY A GIRL.

"Proceed to the farmhouse of Abram Billington; seize him and any other rebel secreted in his house. Destroy the farmhouse and buildings, and bring away all the guns and ammunition you may find."

That was the order given by the governor to Maj. Worsley.

The major did not like the duty. He was a grizzled old warrior, who would fight to the last ditch and never surrender while life lasted, but the order did not seem to him like war; it had too much the appearance of the freebooter and midnight marauder.

A soldier's duty is to obey.

Maj. Worsley did not question that, and he was prepared to carry out the order to the letter, but he did not like the task.

He went red in the face as he thought of leading English soldiers against a few farmers, doing the work

of a constable and robbing the chicken house like a thief.

He raved and he swore, and when the major swore every one within a large radius knew of it.

He marched up and down before his quarters like an enraged fighting cock called upon to fight a common barnyard rooster.

"What would my people think of it? What would my cousin, Lord Arbuthnot, say if he knew? Hang me if I don't feel like throwing up my commission!"

All this was sound and fury, meaning nothing, for those who knew the major best knew that he would carry out the order without a murmur when the moment came, and even boast of it afterwards as a wonderful achievement.

That was how he reconciled his conscience to many things which went against the grain.

For two hours he fumed and fretted and then sought his colonel and to him expressed his feelings.

The colonel only laughed. He knew his man too well to take him seriously.

The order was discussed and the colonel was inclined to think that it ought to be modified.

"We shall dignify these rebels too much by such a display of force," he said, "and the governor could achieve his end without making so much display; but we are soldiers, major."

"Yes, and so must obey."

"Just so. At what time do you start?"

"That is the worst of it; we are to go at night, drag women out of bed, burn their house and steal their chickens."

"Ha! ha! ha! One would think that a soldier never did such things."

"In war, yes. Then it is legitimate; but we are supposed to be at peace, and these rebels are, at best, only rioters."

"Perhaps you are right."

"If I had my way I would catch a few of them and take them on the Common and in presence of the people who think they are little tin gods, I'd whip them. I tell you, colonel, there is nothing like contemptuous treatment as a cure for rebellion."

There was a rap on the door and an officer entered bearing a dispatch for the colonel.

The colonel read it, smiled and then returned the salute in parting of the officer who had brought it.

"Read that, major."

Maj. Worsley took the dispatch and read:

"Countermand the order given to Maj. Worsley. I am informed that the house mentioned is not guarded save by the farmer and two boys. Let Lieut. Bailey take a company to carry out the order."

"Of all the idiotic——"

"Major, you forget yourself!"

"I beg your pardon, colonel, but feelings ought to be respected. Fancy taking such a command out of my hands and giving it to a chit of a boy."

"I thought you did not want the work?"

"Want it? Who would? But here I have fumed and fretted and swore for two mortal hours and worked myself up for the work when it is taken away and I have had all my work for nothing."

"There is no pleasing you, major."

"Yes there is. Let the governor order me to publicly

whip a few of these rebels and see if I should not be pleased."

"But you would have to catch the rebels first."

"That is easy; but I must return to my command and humiliate the boys by telling them that a chit of a lieutenant is preferred to the old warrior."

The colonel only laughed, for he knew that Maj. Worsley was a good soldier, whose deeds were worth more than his words.

At sunset that night Lieut. Bailey at the head of his company commenced his march to the farm owned by Capt. Abram Billington of the Boys of Liberty.

The orders were to seize the arms and ammunition and arrest the farmer, and destroy the buildings.

Gerald Bailey knew such things were done in war, and, disguise it all that was possible, war was really on the point of breaking out between the colonies and the mother country.

The young officer had imbibed the belief that the threatened war could be averted if the people were frightened, and he imagined he was going to be an

agent of peace by destroying the Billington farm and arresting the farmer.

"It will only need a few such examples," he argued, "to show how futile it will be to attempt to fight his majesty's government, and then the people will lay down their arms, and peace and quiet will be restored."

It was with rather a joyous heart that he set out, and he egotistically imagined that a day would come when even the colonists would thank him for that night's work.

The march was slow and tedious. His men were getting discouraged. They did not relish a night's march, and this one they thought so unnecessary.

The guide who had accompanied the company stepped to the side of the young lieutenant and told him that the house was just to the right of them not two hundred yards away.

"Halt!"

"Men, our work ought to be done without bloodshed, but if we have to fight, do your duty. Obey orders. Do not be the first to fire. Keep cool, and only act as I direct."

With all the ardor of youth, but with the wisdom of maturity, he gave orders for his men to completely surround the house and to seize anyone who attempted to leave it.

Not a sound was heard. No lights were visible in the house. Nothing showed that its inmates had been disturbed, not even the barking of a dog had broken the silence.

Lieut. Bailey ordered one of his men to knock on the front door.

A second knock was given, and then a window in the second story was opened and a nightcapped head appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Open in the name of the king!" Bailey answered.

"Who are you, sir, who breaks the night's rest of a peaceful farmer?" asked Billington.

"I am an officer of the king, and my orders are to arrest one Farmer Billington, a rebel."

"And could not the king send by daylight?"

"I am not here to discuss his majesty's orders. Your house is surrounded, anyone attempting to escape will

be shot down. Will you open the door, or shall I have to break it open?"

"I shall not open. As for the rest you must do as you think best, but the consequences must be on your own head."

Farmer Billington left the window and quickly dressed.

The household had been aroused and all were dressing as rapidly as possible.

The soldiers were battering at the door, but it was made of good, old, well-seasoned oak, four inches thick, without any of those frail panels which in modern doors look so nice, but which are no more protection than a sheet of paper.

Lieut. Bailey ordered some of his men to go to the barn and find a piece of timber which would serve as a ram by which the door could be burst open.

Lights shone from several windows before the timber was found, and in the hall stood the farmer and his two boys, Hosea Simpkins and another farm hand, while behind them, white, but fearless, stood the

farmer's wife and Mistress Fowler and her daughter, Theresa.

The women were ready to reload the guns as fast as they were fired and thus they were able to promise good service.

Theresa had not heard Bailey's voice until he gave the command to smash in the door with the heavy timber his men had found.

"Farmer, give me that gun, and let me stand nearest the door," she said, in a calm, clear, but low voice.

"My dear young lady I could not allow you."

"Farmer Billington, by all the love you bear our country I command you to let me do as I wish."

The noise of the pounding on the door drowned the voices of those inside.

The oak, strong as it was, began to crack and creak and groan, then splinters flew from it and with a sudden roar the massive door gave way and fell into the hall.

Lieut. Bailey was the first to cross the threshold.

For a moment his eyes were blinded by the sudden light, but when he saw clearly he was confronted by

Theresa Fowler, gun in hand, and feet planted firmly to resist the intrusion.

"Mistress Fowler!" the young officer exclaimed.

"Yes, Lieut. Bailey, it is Mistress Fowler who confronts a midnight marauder. How proud you must be—— Nay, stir one foot and I will fire. I can shoot, that you have heard before, and I vow I will kill you like any other housebreaker if you dare to come one inch farther."

"The king's orders."

"The king! Let the king do his own dirty work. If you want to do it you shall die."

"The house is surrounded and——"

"Brave men! Good king! How low England must have fallen when it requires a bravely dressed lieutenant and a company of soldiers to break into the house of a peaceful subject."

"Mistress Fowler, I did not know you were here, or——"

"You would have forever disgraced yourself by this mean, cowardly act. I am glad I am here, for if you attempt to carry out your orders your men shall report

that you met your death at the hands of a woman. Of a woman who now despises you."

"If Master Billington will come with me I will not intrude further."

"If Farmer Billington dared to do such a thing I would horsewhip him as a coward. Fetch your men that they may see that even the women of the colony can protect themselves."

Gerald Bailey cursed himself for being in such a predicament. He saw that he had lost Theresa, and to lose her was worse than losing his life. Once he thought to plead with her, but his duty as a soldier forbade. He must force an entrance even if he lost his life.

He called some of his men and at their head he stepped farther into the hall.

Instantly six guns were leveled at the soldiers and Theresa shouted:

"Step back or I shall give the order to fire."

All the meanness in the young officer's nature came to the surface. He goaded the farmer with shielding himself behind petticoats, and Billington was about to reply when Theresa silenced him.

"Do not answer this brave gentleman, who only three nights ago was my mother's guest."

Taunted, feeling a contempt for himself and yet not daring to draw back, he withdrew his men from the house and hurriedly gave orders:

"Fire the house. Smoke out the rebels!"

Billington was in favor of firing into the soldiers, but the cool head of the girl saved him.

"Save your ammunition, it will be more useful later. If they set the house on fire we shall have to fight outside and then we can use our powder to better advantage."

It did not seem possible that it was a girl, and a young girl, too, should have such coolness and courage.

In three places the house was fired, and the wood began to blaze, but a noise was heard which made even the soldiers stop and listen.

It was the sound of a fife and some drums.

The sound grew more distinct, the music players were getting nearer.

In only one place was the fire gaining headway, and Mistress Fowler and the farmer's wife were engaged

in pouring water on it when a boy, we have met him before—he was the squinting Boy of Liberty who had caused so much amusement at the drill, came running to the house, shouting:

"They're comin', they're comin', hundreds, thousands of 'em—the Boys of Liberty! Don't you hear 'em? They're comin' to fight the redcoats an' send 'em to—I forgot where."

Carrying torches, a crowd of Minute Men could now be seen approaching the farmhouse, and Gerald Bailey thought discretion the better part of valor.

He did not hesitate. He saw he was outnumbered, and he had no authority to fight in the open, so he ordered a retreat, and the last redcoat was out of sight when the Boys of Liberty reached the farm.

"We have been ordered to report to Capt. Billington," said the officer in command, "and we are to be stationed here until further orders."

"Thank Heaven! Saved, and by the bravest girl in all the colony. My dear Mistress Theresa, throughout all time your name shall be praised for this night's work. How can I ever repay you?"

"Farmer Billington, if you want to repay me, do so by fighting for liberty and never lay down your arms until we are free, indeed."

"Three cheers for Mistress Theresa Fowler," shouted young Ted Billington, and when the cheering died away the girl, who was beginning to feel faint with her over-exertion, answered by calling for three cheers for the Boys of Liberty, and all responded by shouting:

"The Boys of Liberty! Liberty or death!"

THE END.

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